

SPACEHAWK

WHITE STREAK

BULL'S EYE BILL

December

TARGET COMICS

Featuring:

THE TARGET

and the

TARGETEERS

10¢
15¢
IN CANADA
INCLUDING TAX



Public enemies are on the run as
THE TARGET and his **TARGETEERS**
swing into action!

Vol. 1 No. 11



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1.00

Dear Readers:

Ye Editors' Page is your page. Use it to help us make TARGET a better magazine for you by writing us very frankly just what you like and what you don't like about TARGET.

Each month we will publish a few of what the Editors believe to be the best letters received, be they brickbats or bouquets, and \$1.00 will be awarded to each of the writers of these letters.

Let's hear from you "Associate Editors"! Write plainly, and send your letters to TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

*Cordially yours,
The Editors*

Dear Sirs:

I like TARGET COMICS because it is both humorous and thrilling. All the kids in the neighborhood like it too. In fact we have formed a club called the "Target Boosters". The only dues we have are an issue of TARGET each month. The password is, "Tarmics". "Tar" stands for TARGET and "mics" for COMICS. We certainly appreciate your magazine because of its "swellelegant" stories.

Yours most sincerely,
Edward Fox
Chicago, Illinois

—(We hope that Target Boosters grow with us, Edward, and here's best wishes for a lot of fun from your club.)

1 1 1 1 1

Dear Editors:

I believe that TARGET COMICS could be made more interesting if you had one or two continued stories in each issue. With only six or eight pages to a complete story in each month's magazine, you hardly have enough room to build a real complicated plot. Why don't you extend some of your plots over several issues.

I save all of my copies, as I suppose many of your readers do, so that I can refresh my memory when each new part of a serial comes out.

Very truly yours,
George Stumpp, Jr.
Chappaqua, New York

—(Well, George, you are one of very few who have made this suggestion. Most readers prefer a complete story each month in every strip so they won't have the suspense. We might try out your idea, however, if some others would also like it. What do you say, readers?)

Gentlemen:

TARGET COMICS is an excellent book in my estimation because it teaches us the real American spirit. By that I mean the spirit of fair play, justice, strength and daring, and above all the spirit of kindness and loyalty to America. Also it proves again that right triumphs over might and we should be glad that we are living in our country, America.

That is why I consider TARGET COMICS one of the best and finest books for old and young alike.

Your reader,
Donald Luftig
New York, New York

—(Donald, one of our most important aims is to try to do our small part in teaching true Americanism and all that that word implies.)

1 1 1 1 1

Dear Sir:

I am really fed up with all of the fantastic, super types of characters that comic artists seem to think we kids like. I'll bet that if you took a vote from all your readers now, you would see that they prefer good sensible stories like Lucky Byrd instead of White Streak.

Why don't you set the style and make TARGET a leader by giving us what we want instead of the same old tripe the others hand out which is now out of date.

Yours truly,
Clarence Pool
Seattle, Washington

—(Clarence, this is a question we really want an answer on from many readers. You'll note that White Streak is taming down a bit on his fantastic powers since working with the G-Men. Let's hear from more of you on this subject.)

THE TARGET



BY
DICK HAMILTON

FOLLOWING A DARING SERIES OF WARNINGS TO CRIMINALS, VIA NEWSPAPER, RADIO AND TELEPHONE, THE **TARGET** PROVED HE WASN'T FOOLING, WHEN HE BROKE UP THE GIGANTIC PLAN OF GANG-LEADER, "BOSS" BARONE, TO ROB THIS NATION OF A NEW SUPER HIGH EXPLOSIVE, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN SOLD TO AN ALIEN POWER! AFTER LEAVING BARONE AND HIS MEN FOR THE POLICE, THE **TARGET** WAS REPORTED IN 3 DIFFERENT PLACES AT THE SAME TIME, WEARING A YELLOW, A RED AND A BLUE UNIFORM!

WELL, WE SURE HAVE THE POLICE AND REPORTERS BAFLED! THANKS TO MY TWO **TARGETEERS**- AND THE BARONE GANG WAS ONLY THE **BEGINNING!!!** WE'LL TEACH EVERY CRIMINAL FROM HERE TO FRISCO TO FEAR THE **TARGET** AND THE **TARGETEERS**!

YOU'RE RIGHT, **TARGET** THEY'RE GOING TO BE SEEING A LOT MORE OF US!

WE'LL BE A HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT!



THE **ORIGIN** OF THE **TARGET** — WHO HE IS AND HOW HE CAME TO BE!!!.....

ORPHANED AT THE AGE OF 16, NILES REED WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD WITH HIS OLDER BROTHER, BILL.

A FAMILY TRUST FUND MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE BOYS TO ENJOY A GOOD EDUCATION—

BILL TOOK UP LAW WHILE NILES MAJORED IN METALLURGY, THE STUDY OF METALS.

DILIGENT STUDY MADE NILES AN HONOR STUDENT, THE ENVY OF HIS CLASSMATES—



A FOUR LETTER MAN, NILES EXCELLED IN EVERY SPORT IN WHICH HE PARTICIPATED.. HE WAS THREE TIMES CHOSEN ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK.



FOLLOWING GRADUATION, NILES WENT TO NEW YORK CITY TO LIVE WITH HIS BROTHER BILL, NOW A BRILLIANT YOUNG ATTORNEY-

GOSH, NILES, I WISH YOU COULD DECIDE ON WHAT TO DO FOR A LIVING!

OH, SOMETHING WILL COME ALONG, BILL - RIGHT NOW NOTHING SEEMS TO APPEAL TO ME!

MONTHS PASS, AND BILL REED BECOMES DISTRICT ATTORNEY-

ONE EVENING, AS NILES STARTS FOR HOME -

GOSH! THEY'RE ALREADY THINKING OF BILL FOR GOVERNOR, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN A JOB - HEY - WHAT'S THIS?

DAILY STAR
DISTRICT ATTORNEY REED INDICTED FOR MURDER!!!
ACCUSED OF SCAPONI KILLING
HELD IN \$50,000 BOND!!!
TRIAL STARTS MONDAY!

AS THE TRIAL PROGRESSES, FAKE EVIDENCE PILES UP AGAINST BILL REED -

BUT IT CAN'T BE, BILL - IT JUST CAN'T!!! IF ONLY I COULD HELP OUT SOME WAY!

UNLESS SOMETHING UNEXPECTED HAPPENS SOON, I HAVEN'T A CHANCE, NILES! THANK HEAVENS MOTHER AND DAD AREN'T HERE TO SEE THIS!

EXTRA-EXTRA!
DISTRICT ATTORNEY REED GUILTY!!!
SENTENCED TO CHAIR!

HOURS LATER, BILL REED LEAVES THE COUNTY JAIL FOR THE DEATH-HOUSE AT SING SING.

WE HATE TO HAVE TO DO THIS, MR REED - PERSONALLY, WE DON'T THINK YOU DID IT!

I UNDERSTAND, BOYS!

AS THE SEDAN BEARING BILL STARTS AWAY, A ROADSTER FOLLOWS!!! BEHIND THE WHEEL, NILES REED.

THIS WILL MAKE ME A CRIMINAL IN THE EYES OF THE LAW - BUT I JUST CAN'T SIT BY AND SEE AN INNOCENT MAN DIE! ESPECIALLY MY OWN BROTHER!!!

OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, NILES DONS A MASK -

NO SENSE LETTING THEM KNOW WHO I AM! WELL - THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY! HERE GOES!

A FLURRY OF BULLETS PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S TIRES, SENDING IT CRASHING INTO A TREE!

HELP!

CRASH

THE DAZED OFFICERS MAKE A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO RETAIN BILL REED IN THEIR CUSTODY.

C'MON, BILL-QUICK!
IT'S ME, NILES, LET'S
GET AWAY FROM
HERE!

B-BUT-

AS THE PAIR SPEEDS OFF -

AAAAAAAA!
THEY GOT
ME, NILES!

MINUTES LATER - BILL REED
SPEAKS HIS LAST WORDS!

IT J-JUST DOESN'T
SEEM FAIR, NILES, THAT
THIS SHOULD HAPPEN-AND
I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO
WOULD FRAME ME!
I HAD NO REAL
ENEMIES - WELL,
I G-GUESS THIS
IS G-G-
GOOD
BYE-

REALIZING THE DANGER OF A
PUBLIC FUNERAL, NILES BURIES
HIS BROTHER IN A DESERTED FIELD.

GOOD BYE, BILL--
---GOD BLESS
YOU! IF IT TAKES
ME THE REST OF
MY LIFE, I'LL GET
THE PERSON
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS!

ATTENTION, LISTENERS!
WORD HAS JUST BEEN
RECEIVED THAT EX-DISTRICT
ATTORNEY REED WAS FREED
WHILE EN ROUTE TO SING-SING
PRISON THIS AFTERNOON,
BY A MASKED
MAN OF UNKNOWN
IDENTITY!

THAT EVENING, NILES WANDERS
AIMLESSLY ABOUT THE CITY,
WHEN -

TAKE THAT!
YOU STUPID
BRAT!

LET'S SCRAM,
TRIGGER -
THAT SHOT'LL
BRING THE
COPPER!

OW!

THE GUNMEN VANISH AS NILES
APPEARS UPON THE SCENE!

THAT WAS PRETTY ROTTEN!
IS HE BADLY HURT?

THEY GOT HIM IN
THE SHOULDER! WILL
YOU HELP ME HOME
WITH HIM - MISTER?

IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND,
YOU'LL BE BETTER IN
NO TIME!!! DON'T
YOU BOYS LIVE WITH
YOUR PARENTS?

NOT ANY MORE!
Y-SEE, TOMMY HERE
IS AN ORPHAN! HE
AND I WERE LIVING
WITH MY FATHER! POP
RAN THE GROCERY
STORE DOWNSTAIRS-

-TOMMY AND I TRIED
TO RUN THE STORE
OURSELVES, BUT WE
JUST COULDN'T MAKE
ENDS MEET! THEN
THOSE MEN CAME
AGAIN TONIGHT AND
WE HAD NO MONEY
TO GIVE THEM.

I KNOW
IT'S PRETTY
TOUGH, BUT
DON'T TAKE
IT TOO HARD!
SAY, THIS IS
SOME GYM
YOU BOYS
HAVE FIXED!
UP HERE!

-UNTIL ABOUT A
MONTH AGO, WHEN POP
COULDN'T KEEP UP HIS
PAYMENTS TO "PROTECTION,
INCORPORATED" THOSE SAME
MEN WHO JUST PLUGGED ME
CAME AND KILLED POOR POP,
SOB - 'N THEN -

DAVE'S FATHER BELIEVED IN PHYSICAL FITNESS, AND BOUGHT US ALL THE EQUIPMENT!

- THEN WHEN POP WAS MURDERED, WE FIGURED TO KEEP OURSELVES IN PERFECT CONDITION AND THAT SOME DAY WE'D CLEAN UP THE GANG THAT RUNS 'PROTECTION, INCORPORATED'!

SAY- WE SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE! WHY DON'T YOU BOYS MOVE IN WITH ME? I'VE PLENTY OF ROOM!

THE TRIO SOON BECOME FAST FRIENDS- ONE EVENING AS THEY ARE PLAYING A GAME OF DARTS-

Y'KNOW, NILES, I WAS JUST THINKING- HERE WE ARE THROWING DARTS AT A **TARGET** AND **CRIME** IS **REALLY OUR TARGET!**

TARGET! TARGET! SAY- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

-NOW WITH THE AID OF THIS FLEXIBLE, BULLET-PROOF **METAL** I'VE DISCOVERED, AND SOME **MASQUERADE UNIFORMS** OF MINE-

BULLETS AND KNIVES WON'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE AGAINST THIS!

NILES SOON DESIGNS A SHEET OF HIS METAL SO AS TO COVER THE ENTIRE BODY, EXCEPT FOR THE FACE AND LEGS.

THE THREE WORK FEVERISHLY FOR HOURS WITH THE METAL AND MASQUERADE UNIFORMS, **FINALLY -**

WELL, BOYS! MEET THE **TARGET!**

- AND THE **TARGETEERS!**

THUS - THE ORIGIN OF THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS!!!

THE DEATH OF THEIR LOVED ONES HAS FOSTERED WITHIN THEM A BITTERNESS TOWARD ALL CRIMINALS. THEIR AVOWED PURPOSE TO RID THIS COUNTRY OF CRIME, COUPLED WITH THEIR PLEDGE TO BE LOYAL AND DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE, SHALL MAKE THEM THE GREATEST MENACE EVER TO THAT LOWEST FORM OF AMERICAN SOCIETY - **THE CRIMINAL!**

A PENTHOUSE APARTMENT IN MID-TOWN NEW YORK - AT HIS DESK SITS A MONSTROUS HULK OF A MAN, A **MASTER CRIMINAL**, KNOWN AS "**HAMMERFIST!**" - HIS EVIL, CUNNING MIND PLOTTING A SERIES OF **DESPERATE CRIMES!**

WELL, IT'S BEEN A WEEK NOW AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT D.A. WON'T BE COMING BACK TO BOTHER US! I GUESS THE TIME IS ABOUT RIPE!

I'LL CALL IN THE BOYS!

AFTER WE FRAMED THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY REED, SOME MASKED GUY GOES AND SETS HIM FREE - BUT HE'S A HUNTED CRIMINAL NOW AND CAN'T INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS! NOW, HERE'S THE SETUP -

IF ONLY THE **TARGET** KNEW- HERE IS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR BILL'S DEATH-

THERE'S **BIG DOUGH** IN THE NIGHT CLUB GAME, AND WE'RE GOING TO OWN EVERY BIG CLUB IN TOWN!!! BUT FIRST WE'VE GOT TO **SCARE** 'EM INTO SELLING OUT **CHEAP!**

TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE "CLUB CLAYMORE!"



"PALM CLUB."

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY- WE MEAN BUSINESS! HAND OVER YOUR MONEY AND JEWELRY-FAST!

A STICKUP!
HELP!



3 Morning Globe 3

NIGHT CLUB CRIMEWAVE CONTINUES!!!
DERBY CLUB RAIDED!!!
PATRONS ROBBED-2 KILLED!
HUGE, GROTESQUE MAN WITH 'IRON FIST' DESCRIBED AS LEADER OF GANG!!!
Body of Steele Found in River
NIGHT CLUB BUSINESS IN CITY ALMOST AT A STANDSTILL!
Factsman Vanished Last Christmas

ON AND ON, RIGHT UNDER THE VERY EYES OF THE POLICE, MARCH THE RUTHLESS "HAMMERFIST" AND HIS BAND OF MADDENED CRIMINALS!!! CLUB AFTER CLUB IS RAIDED, EMPLOYEES, GUESTS AND POLICE ARE MURDERED LEFT AND RIGHT! ALREADY FIVE NIGHT SPOTS HAVE CLOSED DOWN!



— WHERE TWO POLICEMEN AND ONE WAITER WERE KILLED!
— IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT "JACK AND ANDY'S" ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST POPULAR CLUBS, IS THE ONLY ONE ON 62ND STREET, WHICH HAS NOT AS YET BEEN MENACED!



— IT IS MY GUESS THAT JACK AND ANDY, PROPRIETORS OF THE CLUB, ARE 'SPENDING SOME VERY UNEASY MOMENTS THESE DAYS!!!
— THIS IS YOUR BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD REPORTER, BOB BRADLEY, SAYING SO LONG TO YOU AND I DO MEAN YOU!

NILES, DAVE AND TOMMY ARE SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME -

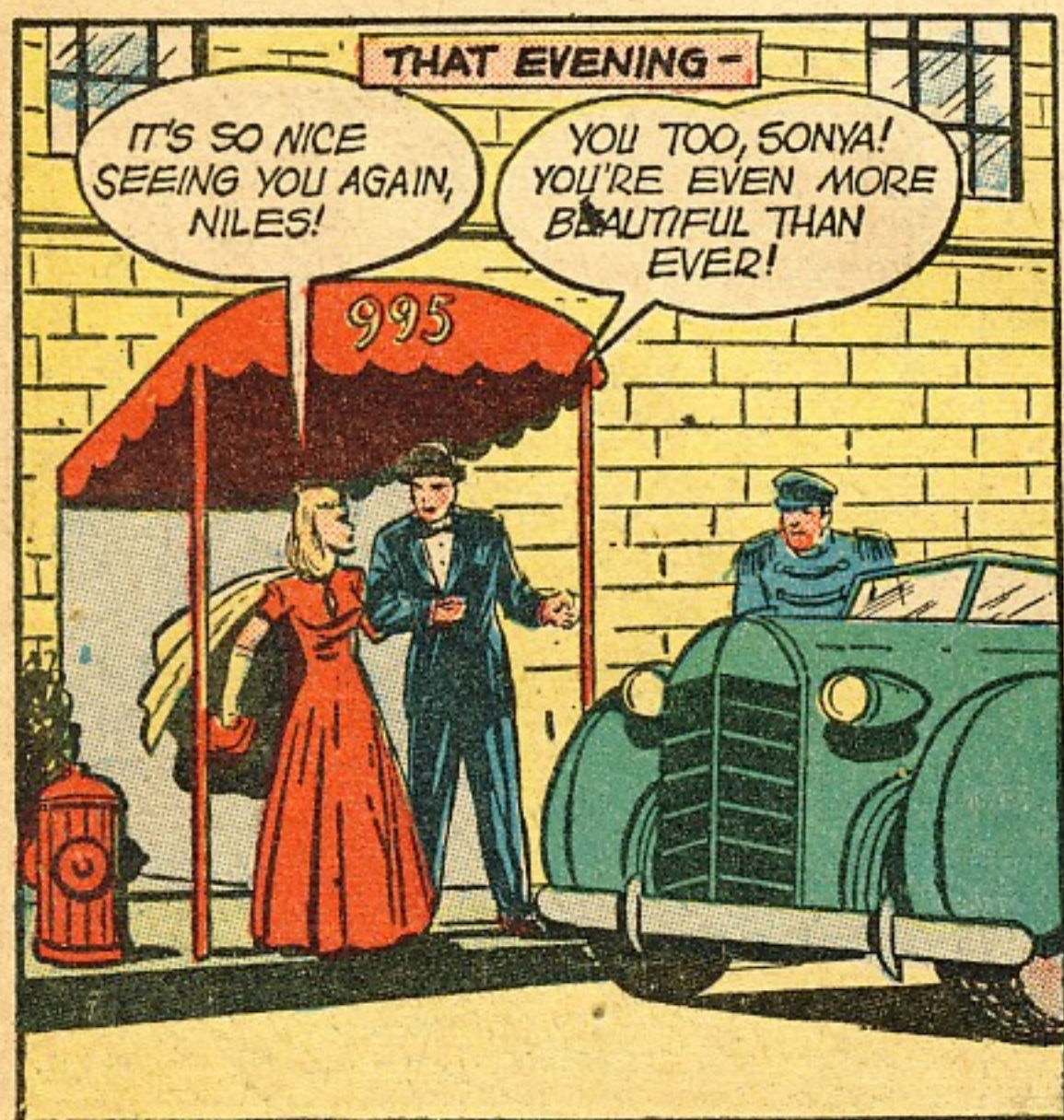
SAY, NILES - ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE DID SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE NIGHT CLUB RAIDS?

RIGHT YOU ARE, TOMMY - AND SAY - I'VE GOT A HUNCH!



DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE DREAM THAT I MET ON THE S.S. AMERICA?







THE HORROR-STRICKEN SPECTATORS REMAIN SILENT, AFRAID TO MAKE A MOVE.



JACK AND ANDY RUSH UP TO PLEAD WITH THE MAD HAMMERFIST —



IMMEDIATELY, THE PETRIFIED PATRONS FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY GUN-MEN!



THE MELEE CONTINUES! GUESTS ARE RUTHLESSLY ROBBED AND BEATEN.







THE **TARGETEERS** RUSH ONWARD WITH **HAMMERFIST**, AND —

GREETINGS, **TARGET!** HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!



DON'T LET ANY OF THIS GANG GET AWAY, BOYS; I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT BECAME OF A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY!

OKAY, **TARGET!**



IF ANY HARM HAS COME TO **SONYA** —

C'MON, SISTER — YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUR SHIELD IN CASE THE COPS CATCH UP WITH US!



MEANWHILE, THE **TARGETEERS** ARE HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIFE, GIVING THE THUGS NO TIME TO BOTHER THE GUESTS, WHO FLOCK IN ALL DIRECTIONS!



AS **TOMMY** FINISHES OFF A GUNMAN, **HAMMERFIST** RUSHES UP TO CLUB HIM FROM BEHIND!

WHO'S NEXT?



OH, NO YOU DON'T! HAVE SOME **POP** ON ME!

AGH!



Y'KNOW, SISTER, EVERY TIME I HEAR A GIRL SCREAM, I GET ITCHY FINGERS!



—AND EVERYTIME I SEE A FACE LIKE YOURS, I GET **ITCHY FISTS!**



WHOEVER YOU ARE, MR. **TARGET**, I'M VERY GRATEFUL!!! I ONLY WISH THE GENTLEMAN WHO BROUGHT ME HERE WAS HALF AS GALLANT AS YOU!

THANKS, MISS! IT WAS A PLEASURE!!! PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN — UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES!

JUST THEN, THE TARGETEERS APPEAR-



WELL, TARGET, THAT'S THAT! WE LEFT THE WHOLE GANG TIED UP IN THERE!

GOOD WORK, BOYS! I WANT YOU TO MEET A VERY CHARMING YOUNG LADY! WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, MISS.

MEANWHILE, HAMMERFIST COMES TO FROM THE BLOW RECEIVED FROM THE BOTTLE!



LOOK! IT'S HAMMERFIST! HE'S HEADED OUT THE BACK WAY!

YOU WAIT HERE FOR ME! I'LL GET HIM!

SO - THE MIGHTY HAMMERFIST IS TAKING A POWDER, EH?



I'LL KILL YOU YET, YOU STUPID MEDDLER!

NOT BY LEADING WITH YOUR RIGHT, HAMMERFIST!



YOU SHOULD ALWAYS LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT - LIKE THIS!



S'LONG! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE POLICE!

YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET THIS, TARGET!

DEPOSITING THE MAD KILLER FOR THE LAW THE TARGET LEAVES HIS CALLING CARD - A DART!

BEFORE RETURNING TO SONYA AND THE TARGETEERS, THE TARGET DONS HIS CIVVIES!



SO - THE BRAVE LOTHARIO RETURNS! MR REED - I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME REAL MEN - THE TARGETEERS!

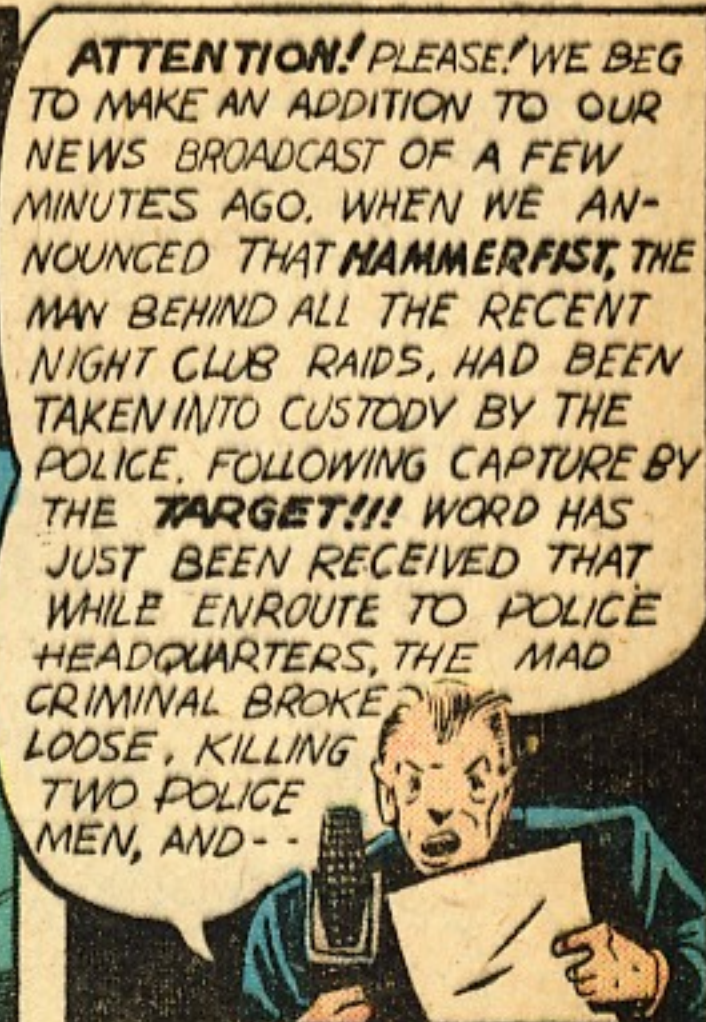
HOWDY, MR. ER-MR REED. SAY, WED BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE!

WE CAN USE MY CAR!



YOU DON'T MIND SITTING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT DO YOU MR REED?

THIS IS ALL SO THRILLING! I'M ONLY SORRY THAT WE COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOUR FRIEND, THE TARGET! PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT, WE MAY MEET AGAIN.



ATTENTION! PLEASE! WE BEG TO MAKE AN ADDITION TO OUR NEWS BROADCAST OF A FEW MINUTES AGO. WHEN WE ANNOUNCED THAT HAMMERFIST, THE MAN BEHIND ALL THE RECENT NIGHT CLUB RAIDS, HAD BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE POLICE, FOLLOWING CAPTURE BY THE TARGET!!! WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED THAT WHILE ENROUTE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE MAD CRIMINAL BROKE LOOSE, KILLING TWO POLICE MEN, AND -

- SO HAMMERFIST IS LOOSE AGAIN TO PREY ON A SUFFERING POPULACE. WILL THE TARGET AND HIS TARGETEERS SUCCEED IN CAPTURING HIM? DOES THE TARGET KNOW THAT HAMMERFIST HAS SWORN A HORRIBLE VENGEANCE? THERE WILL BE A NEW AND AMAZING EXPERIENCE FACING THE TARGET AND HIS TARGETEERS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS.

SPACEHAWK

SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME

by BASIL WOLVERTON

IN A WILD, FORESTED REGION OF THE PLANET SATURN, THE POWERFUL SPACEHAWK HUNTS FOR GAME TO REPLENISH HIS SHIP'S LARGE FOOD REFRIGERATOR....



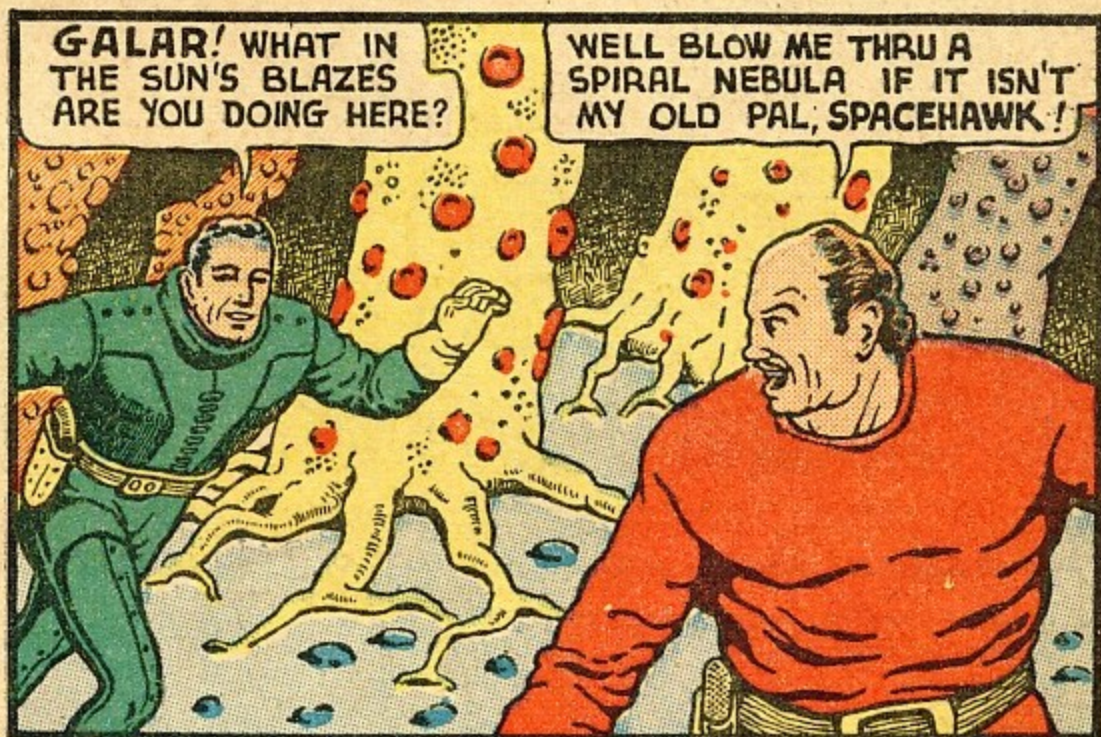
I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF A HUMAN BEING! PERHAPS SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME!



THERE HE IS! WHY — IT'S GALAR, AN OLD FRIEND FROM MY NATIVE SOLAR SYSTEM!



GALAR! WHAT IN THE SUN'S BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WELL BLOW ME THRU A SPIRAL NEBULA IF IT ISN'T MY OLD PAL, SPACEHAWK!

IT'S GREAT SEEING YOU AGAIN, GALAR! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS?

OH — I JUST KEEP ON TRAVELING FROM PLANET TO PLANET! AND YOU — YOU'VE MADE QUITE A NAME FOR YOURSELF CRACKING DOWN ON THE BAD BOYS!



YES, I'M KEEPING BUSY! BUT IT'S NO MORE EXCITING THAN THE YEARS WE SPENT ON THE PLANET HOGO TAMING THOSE SAVAGE SNAKE MEN! REMEMBER?

MY BATTLE SCARS WON'T LET ME FORGET! FOR TWO YOUNGSTERS ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS OLD, WE HAD SOME MIGHTY WILD ADVENTURES!



TELL ME, GALAR—IF YOU DO NOTHING BUT TRAVEL, HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO EXIST FOR THE PAST SIX HUNDRED YEARS?

I—WELL, I MANAGE TO SCARE UP ENOUGH RAW SUPPLIES TO KEEP ME GOING!



GALAR, OUR KIND TALKS WITH THE MIND AS WELL AS WITH THE TONGUE, BUT YOU HAVE THROWN UP A MENTAL BARRICADE AGAINST ME! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?

ALL RIGHT, SPACEHAWK! I MAY AS WELL ADMIT I ROB SPACE SHIPS FOR MY LIVING! BUT BELIEVE ME, I'VE NEVER KILLED OR CRIPPLED SO MUCH AS A SINGLE PERSON IN MY CAREER!



THAT IS SOMETHING OF A RECORD, I DARE SAY, BUT IT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOUR BEING A THIEF. I MUST WARN YOU, GALAR, THAT IF I EVER CATCH YOU ROBBING A SHIP, I'LL HAVE TO TREAT YOU AS AN ENEMY!



OH-HO! BUT I AM NOT ONE TO BE CAUGHT—EVEN BY YOU, SPACEHAWK! IF YOU SHOULD EVER MANAGE TO DO IT, I GIVE YOU MY WORD I'LL WILLINGLY GIVE UP MY PROFESSION!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT HAPPEN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A MAN OF YOUR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH SHOULD CHOOSE TO LIVE SO DISHONORABLY!

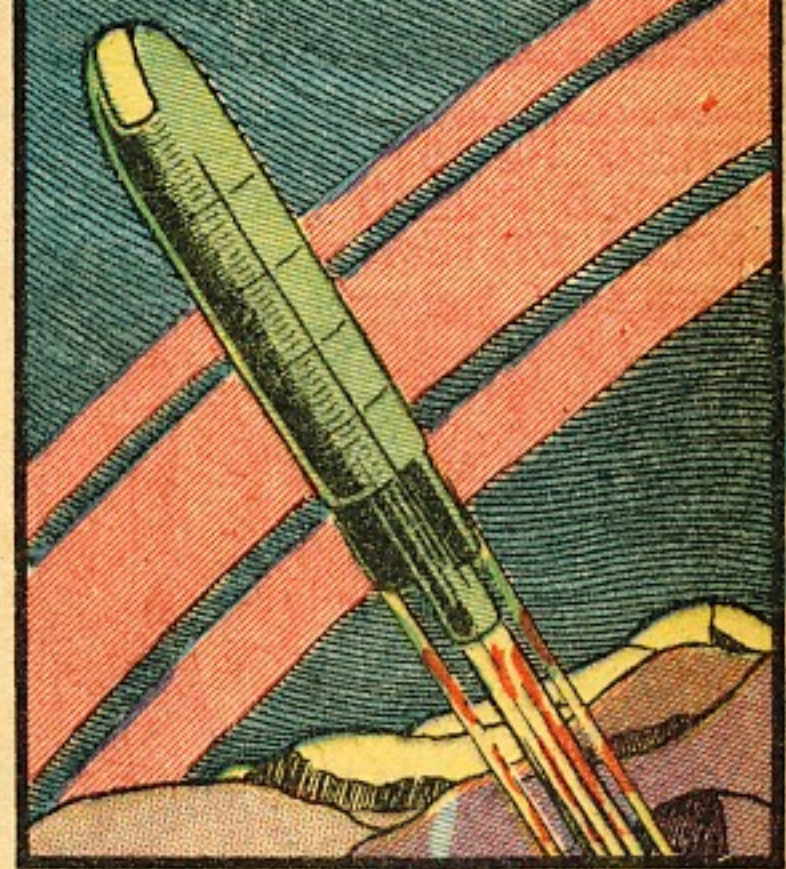


WELL,—SO LONG, SPACEHAWK! UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER SHOVE OFF!

GOOD-BYE, GALAR!

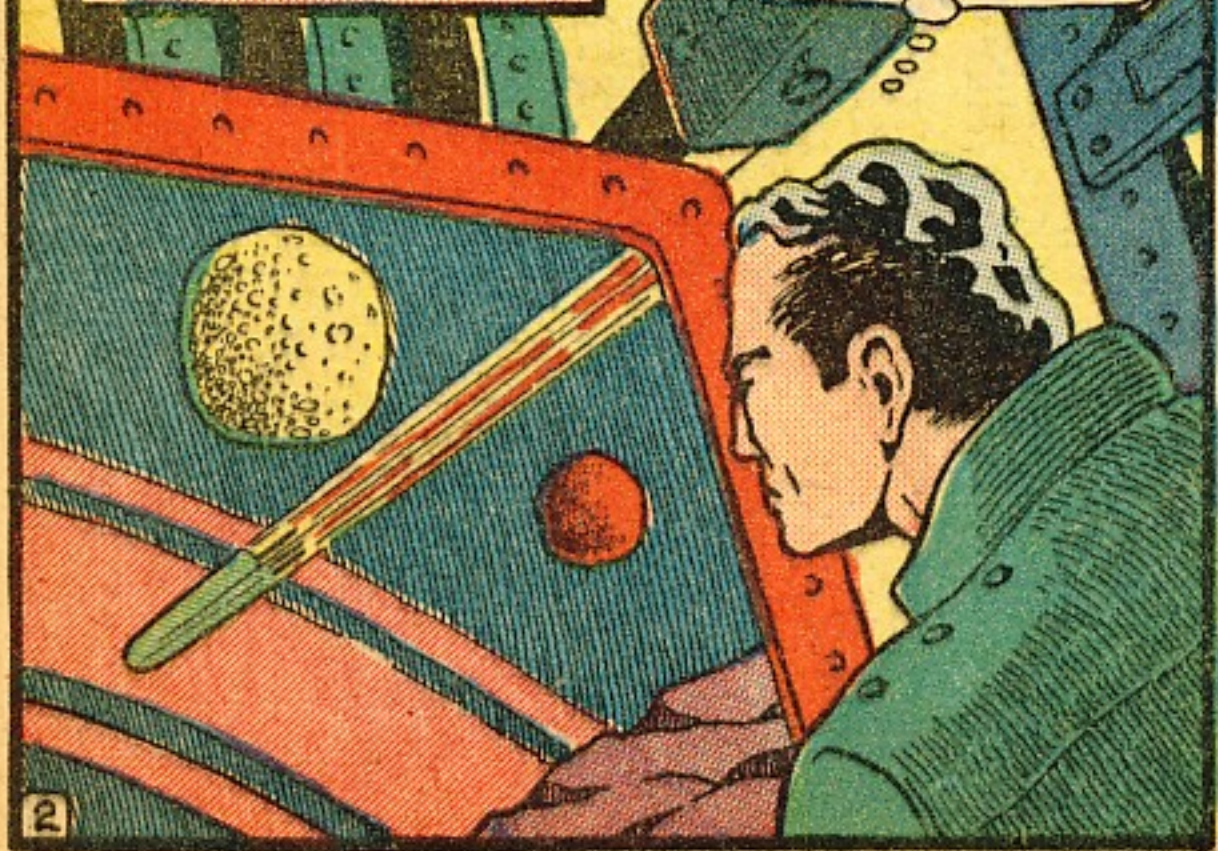


GALAR STRIDES TO HIS SHIP, AND A MOMENT LATER IT ROARS INTO THE SATURNIAN SKY.....



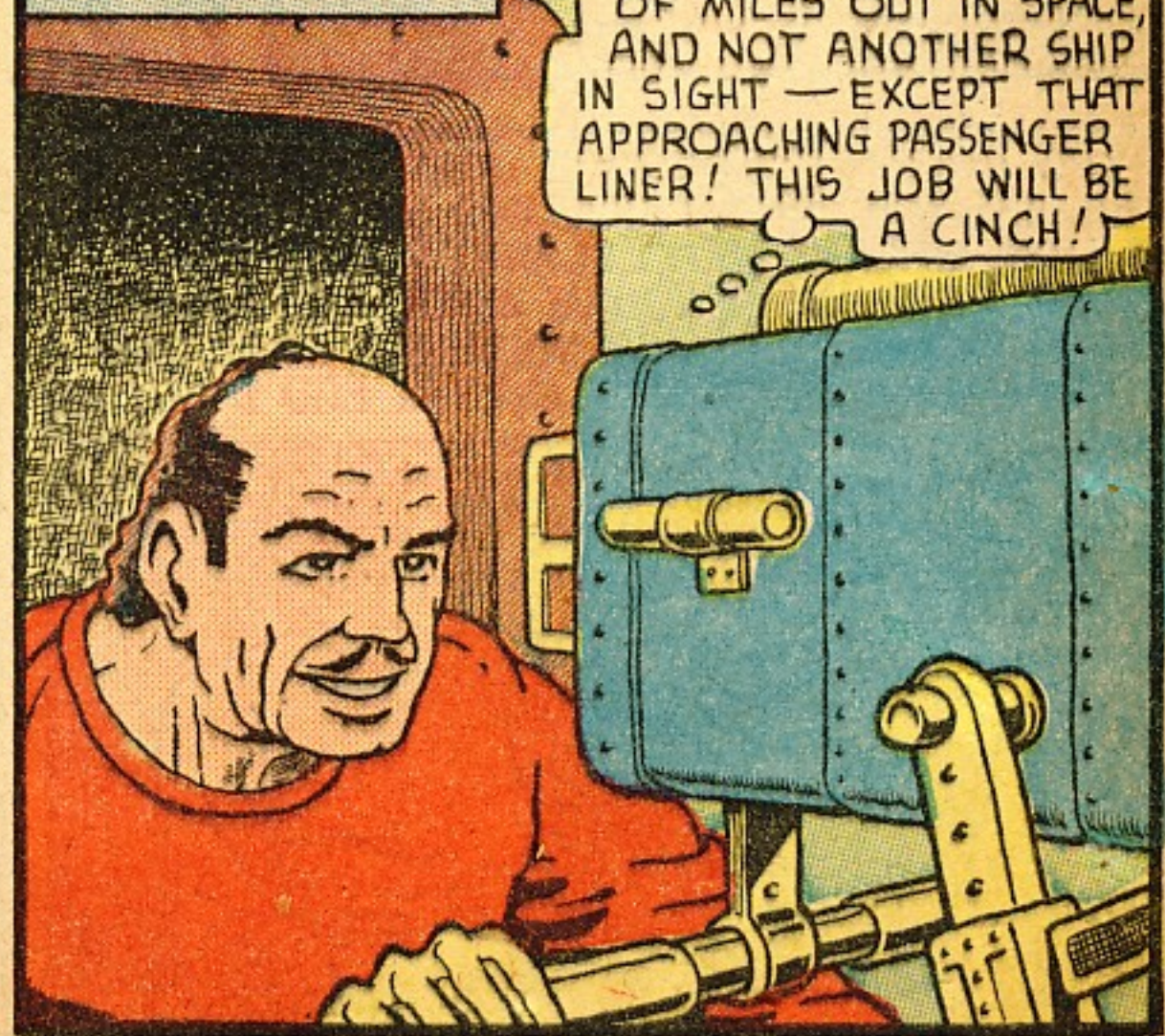
SPACEHAWK HURRIES TO HIS OWN SHIP, AND TRAINS THE ELECTROSCOPE ON GALAR'S CRAFT....

I CAN'T LET HIM GO ON LIKE THAT! HE'S BOUND TO END UP AT THE BUSINESS END OF SOMEONE'S ATOM PISTOL!

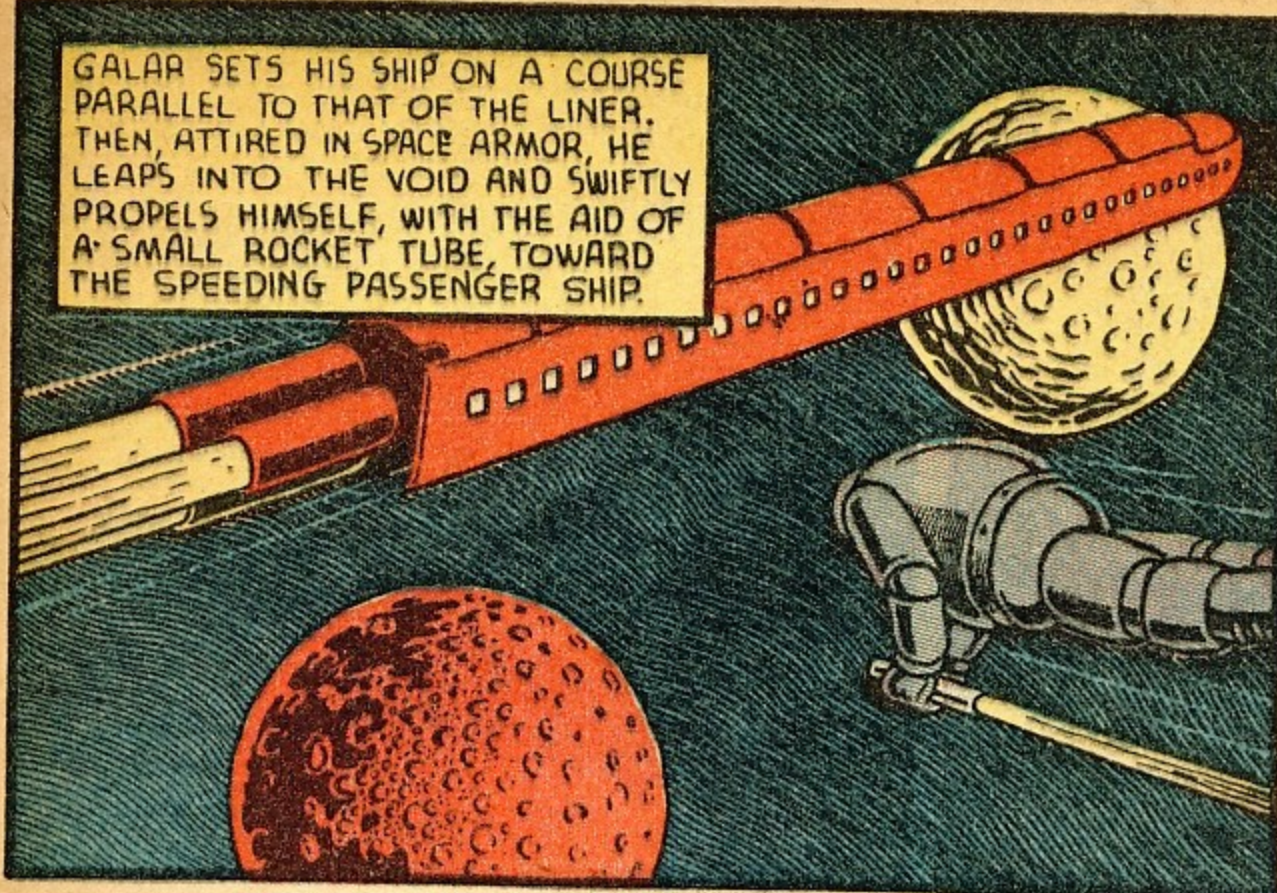


HOURS LATER.

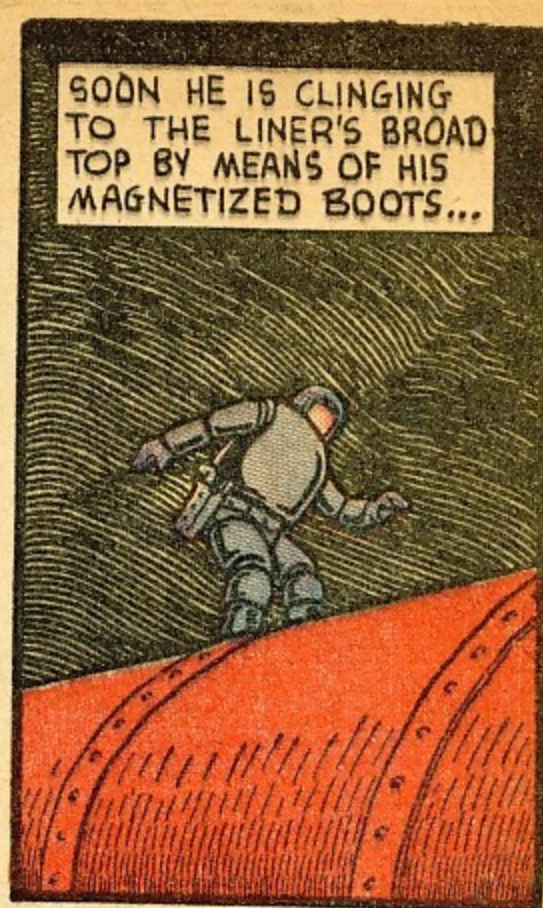
HERE I AM MILLIONS OF MILES OUT IN SPACE, AND NOT ANOTHER SHIP IN SIGHT—EXCEPT THAT APPROACHING PASSENGER LINER! THIS JOB WILL BE A CINCH!



GALAR SETS HIS SHIP ON A COURSE PARALLEL TO THAT OF THE LINER. THEN, ATTIRED IN SPACE ARMOR, HE LEAPS INTO THE VOID AND SWIFTLY PROPELS HIMSELF, WITH THE AID OF A SMALL ROCKET TUBE, TOWARD THE SPEEDING PASSENGER SHIP.



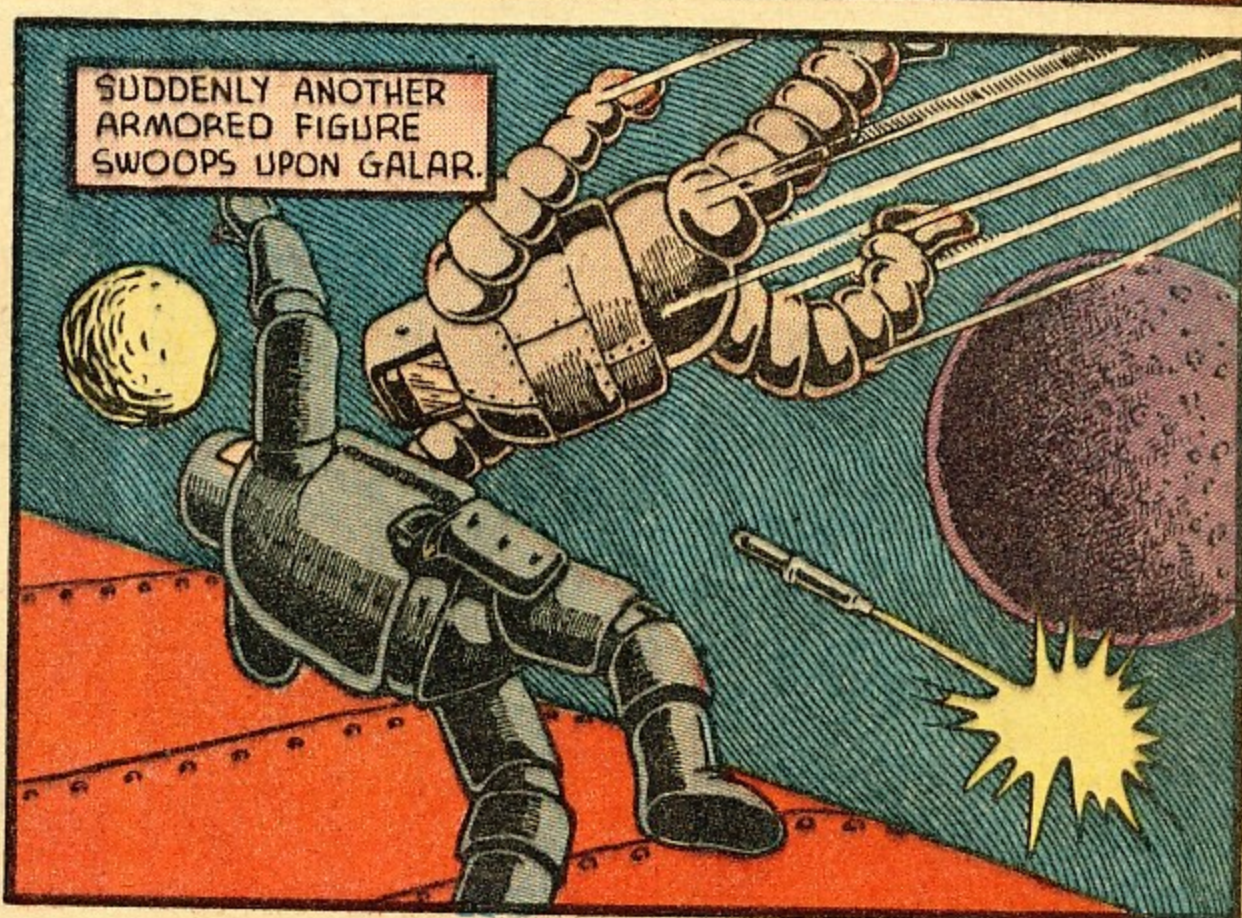
SOON HE IS CLINGING TO THE LINER'S BROAD TOP BY MEANS OF HIS MAGNETIZED BOOTS...



IF I'D BEEN SPOTTED, GUARDS WOULD BE SWARMING OUT HERE BY NOW! ONCE I CUT MY WAY INTO THIS OUTER HULL AND SEAL UP THE HOLE, THE REST SHOULD BE EASY!



SUDDENLY ANOTHER ARMORED FIGURE SWOOPS UPON GALAR.



SPACEHAWK! YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST TO UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF MY ELECTROSCOPE AND THE SPEED OF MY SHIP! GALAR, THIS IS YOUR LAST JOB!

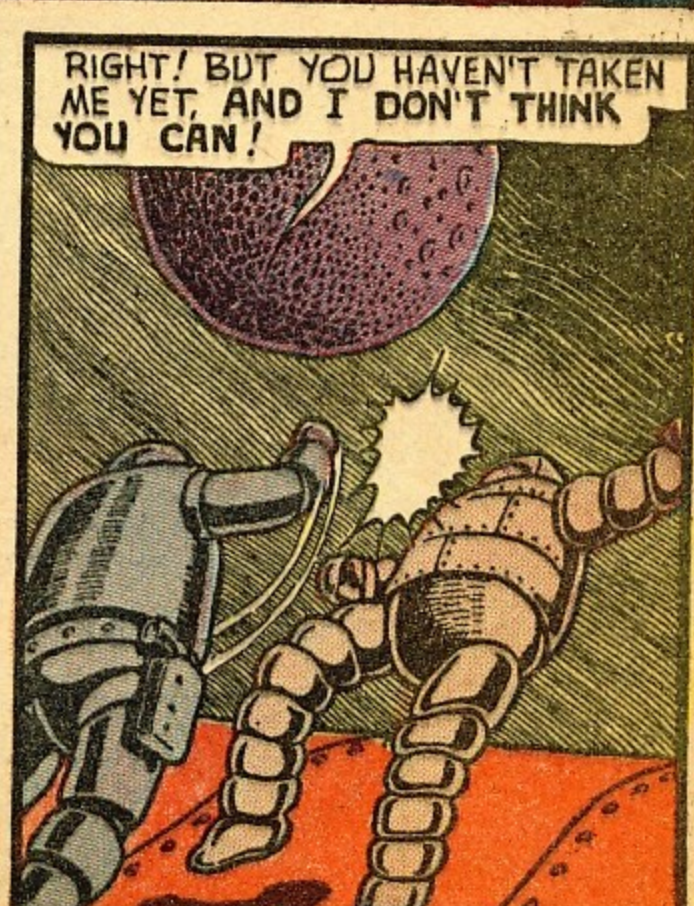


SPACEHAWK, I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOLD WHAT I CAN OR CAN'T DO!

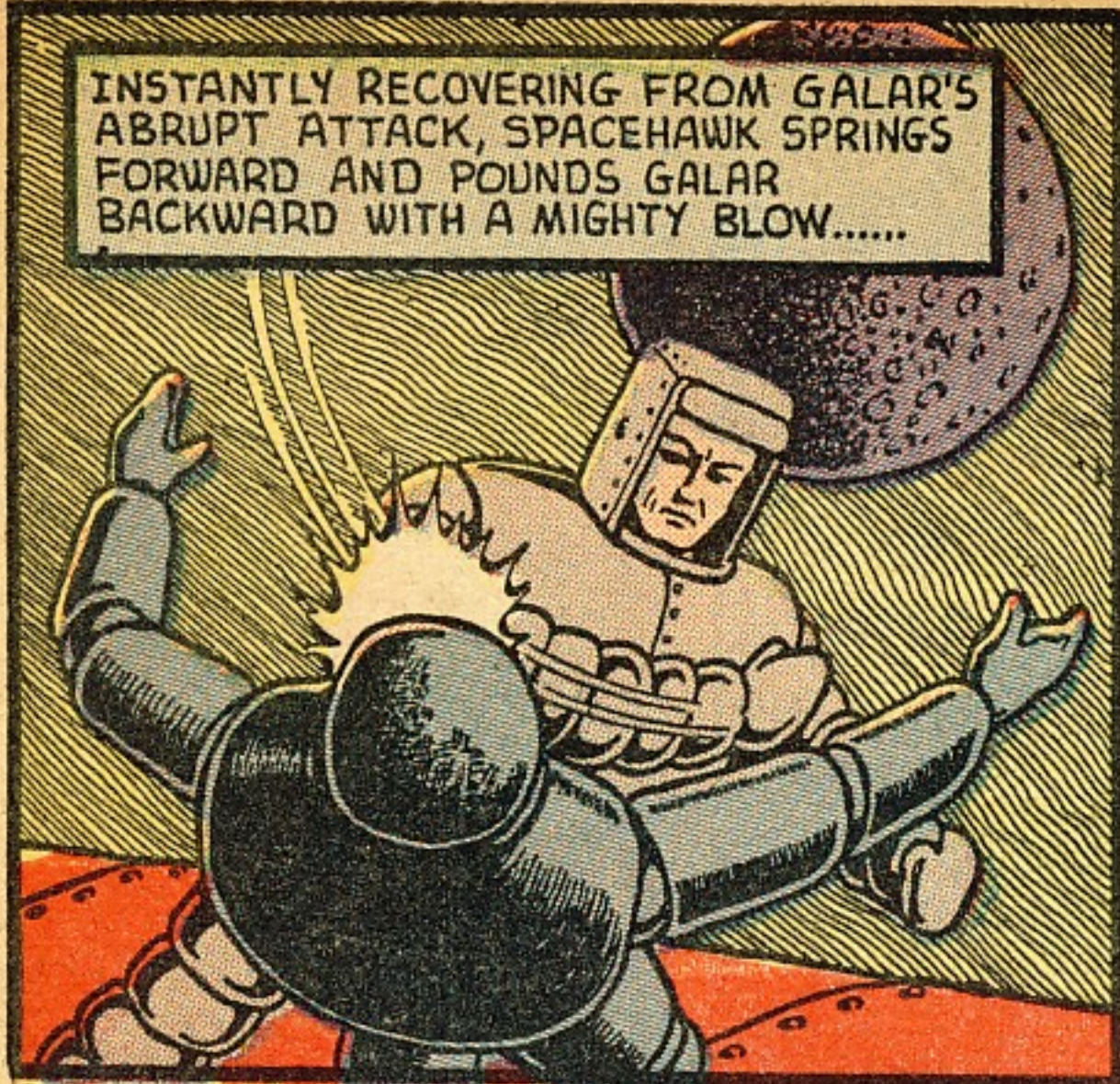
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE! I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED!



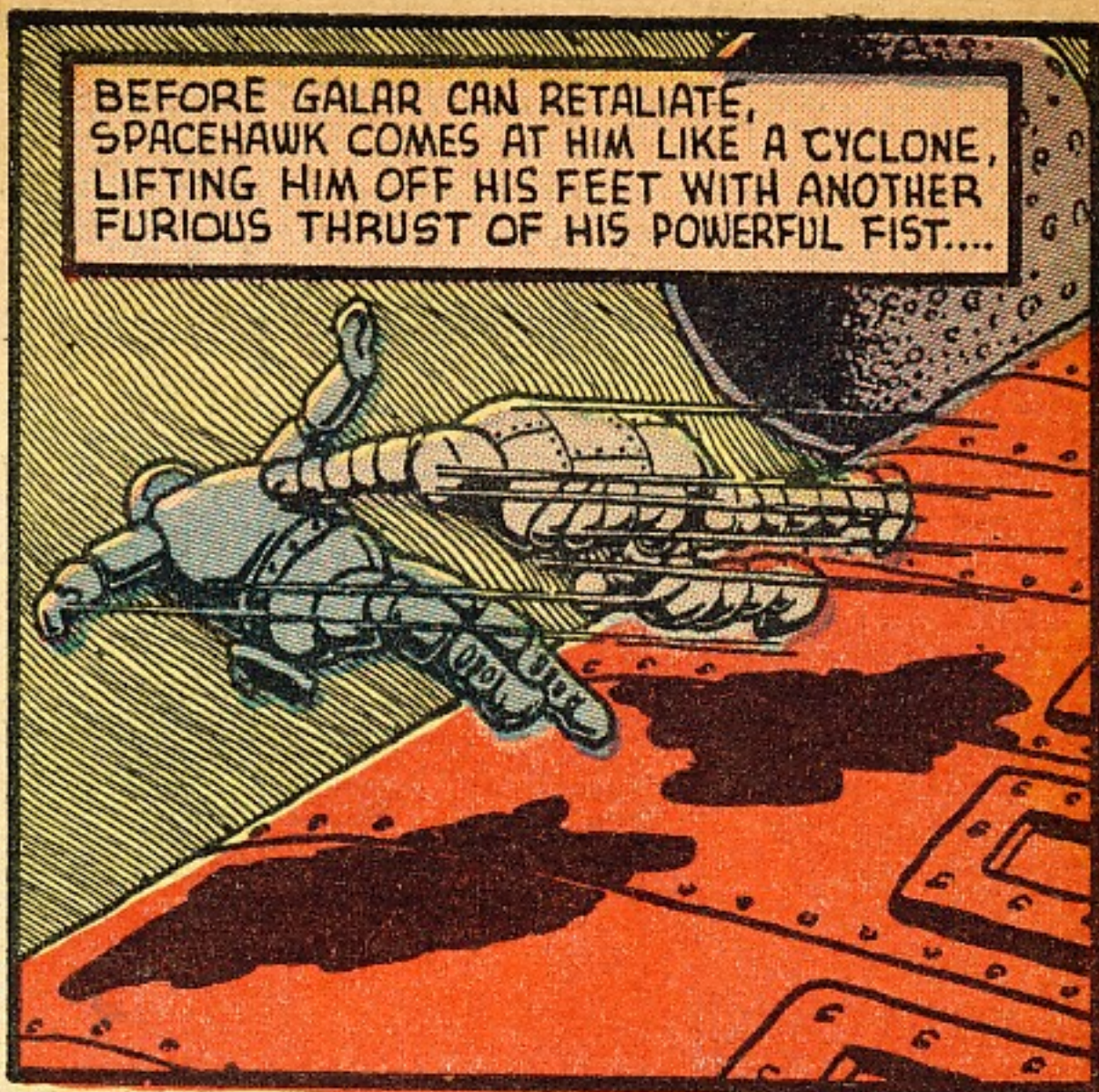
RIGHT! BUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ME YET, AND I DON'T THINK YOU CAN!



INSTANTLY RECOVERING FROM GALAR'S ABRUPT ATTACK, SPACEHAWK SPRINGS FORWARD AND POUNDS GALAR BACKWARD WITH A MIGHTY BLOW.....

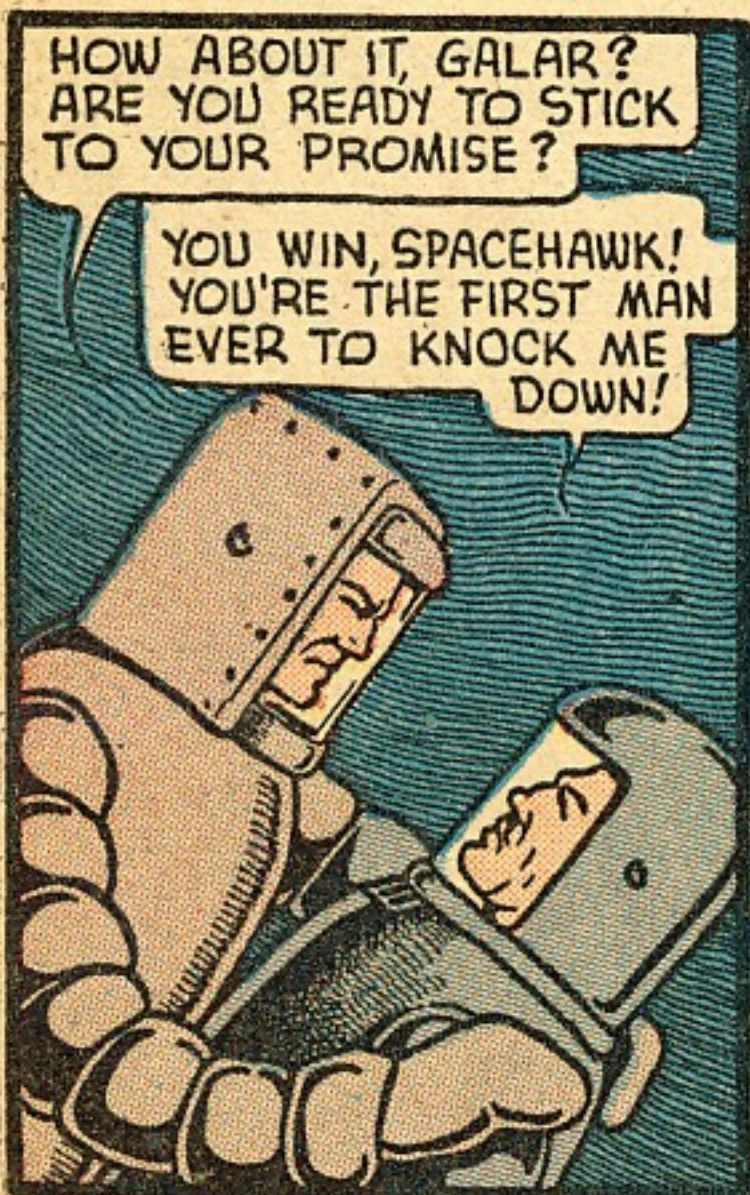


BEFORE GALAR CAN RETALIATE, SPACEHAWK COMES AT HIM LIKE A CYCLONE, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET WITH ANOTHER FURIOUS THRUST OF HIS POWERFUL FIST....



HOW ABOUT IT, GALAR? ARE YOU READY TO STICK TO YOUR PROMISE?

YOU WIN, SPACEHAWK! YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN EVER TO KNOCK ME DOWN!

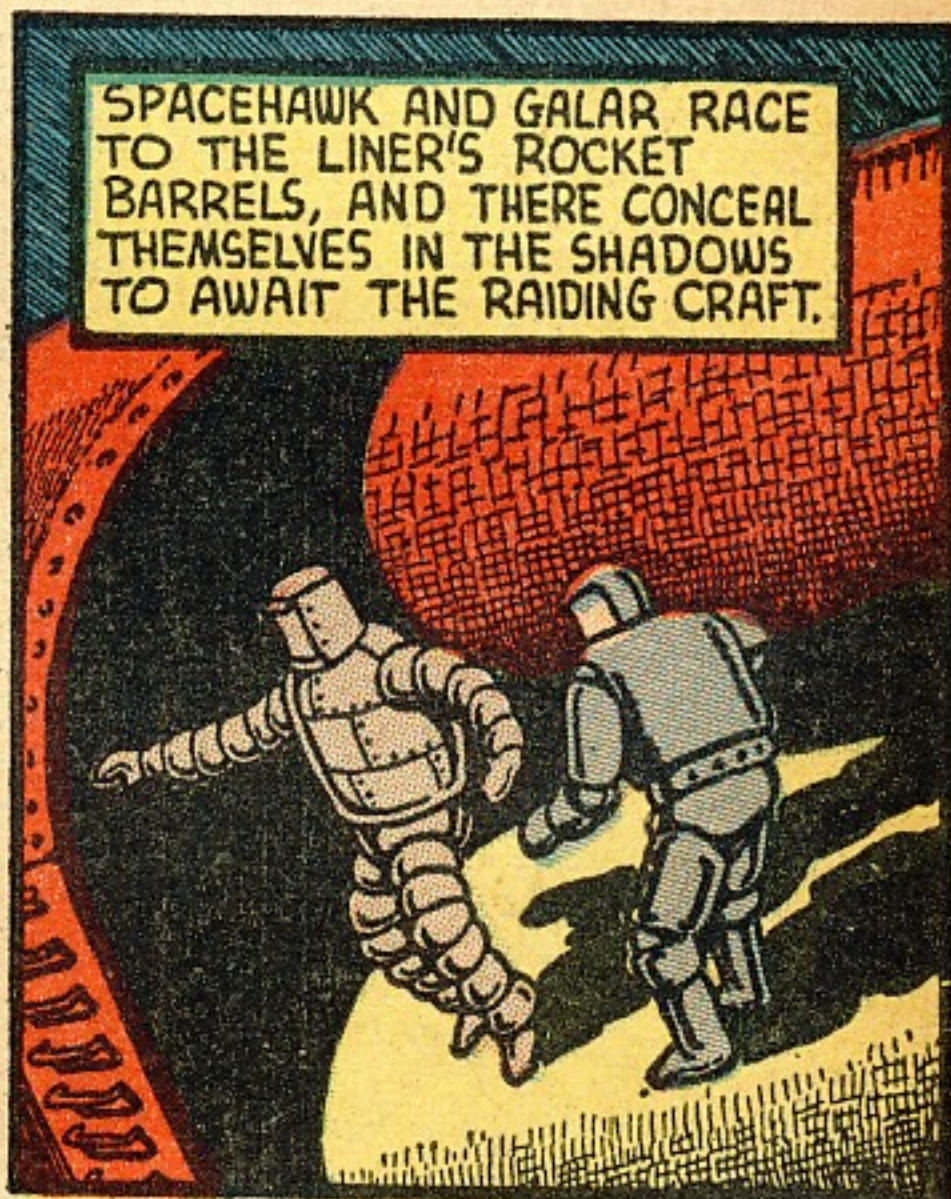


WE MUST GET OUT OF SIGHT IMMEDIATELY! LOOK!

A PIRATE SHIP COMING THIS WAY!



SPACEHAWK AND GALAR RACE TO THE LINER'S ROCKET BARRELS, AND THERE CONCEAL THEMSELVES IN THE SHADOWS TO AWAIT THE RAIDING CRAFT.



THE PIRATE SHIP WEAVES BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THE LINER, FORCING IT TO HEAD TOWARD A WANDERING PLANETOID....



THE PASSENGER SHIP LANDS ON THE BARREN LITTLE ORB, AND THE PIRATE CRAFT DROPS DOWN BESIDE IT.....

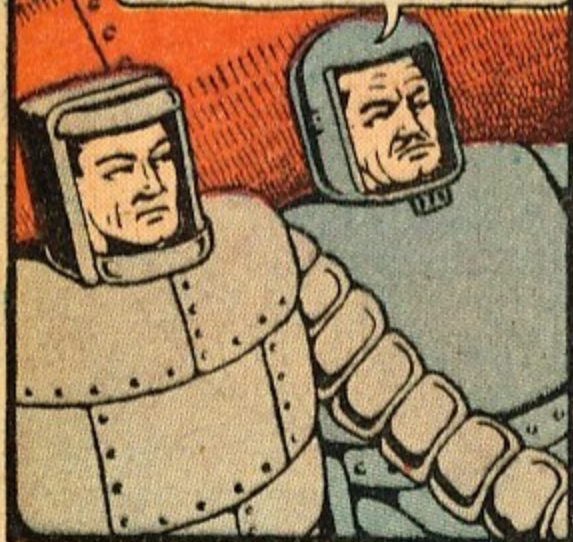


SCREAMING,
BLOOD-THIRSTY
NEPTUNIANS,
PLUTONIANS
AND JOVIANS
POUR OUT
OF THE
PIRATE SHIP.
UNDAUNTED
BY THE
GUN FIRE
FROM THE
LINER, THEY
PREPARE TO
CUT INTO
THE HULL
PLATES....

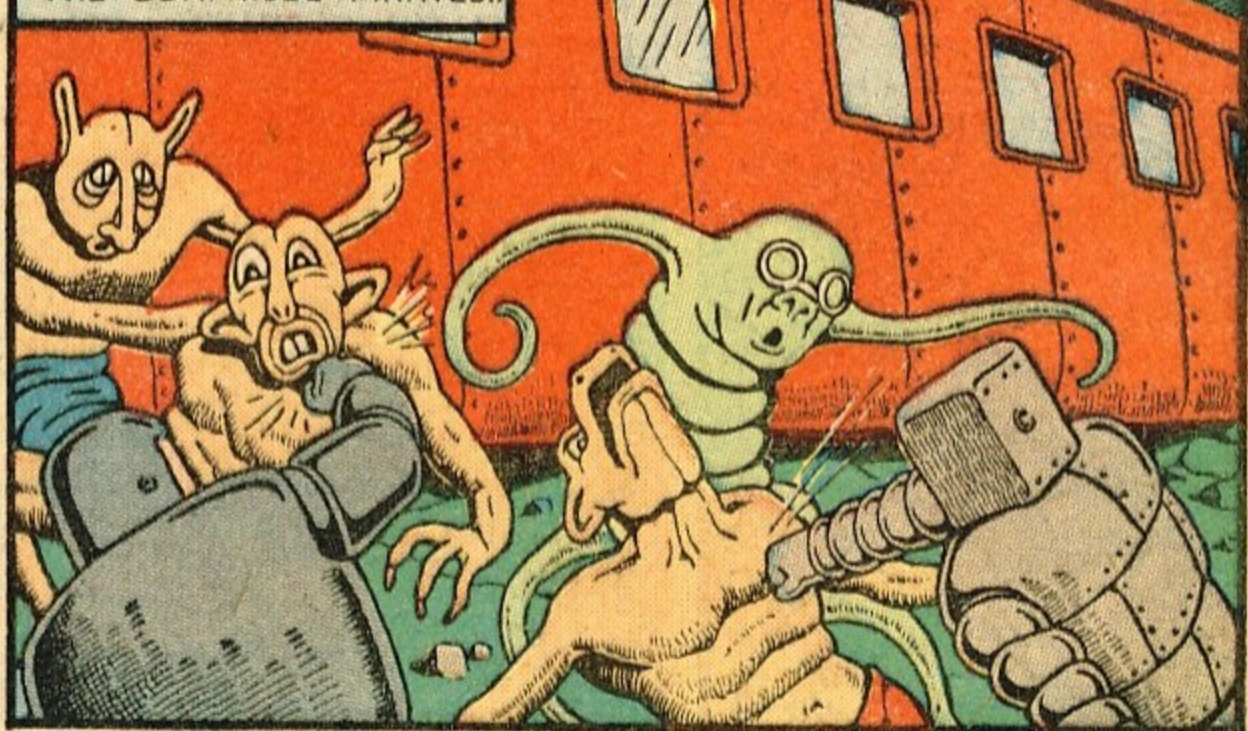


I'M GOING OUT THERE
AFTER THOSE DEVILS!
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D
CARE TO COME WITH ME.

YOU KNOW BETTER
THAN THAT! **LET'S GO!**
I NEVER DID CARE FOR
THOSE NEPTUNIAN DOG-MEN!



LASHING OUT WITH
TREMENDOUS STRENGTH,
THE TWO PLOW INTO
THE SURPRISED PIRATES..



IT'S SPACEHAWK! RUN
FOR YOUR LIVES!



SOME OF THE FLEEING
PIRATES ATTEMPT TO
TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR
SHIP, BUT THE LUNARIAN
CAPTAIN OF THEIR CRAFT
BARS THEIR WAY....

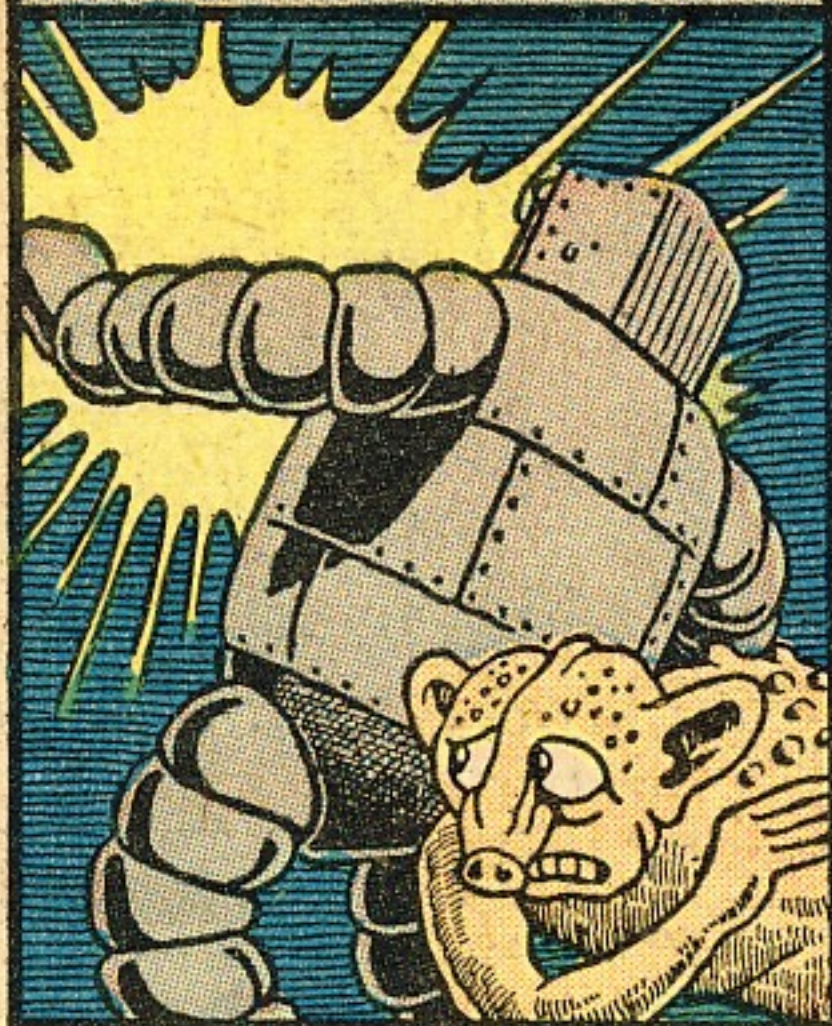


GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT
LINER, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED
MORONS! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF SPACEHAWK!

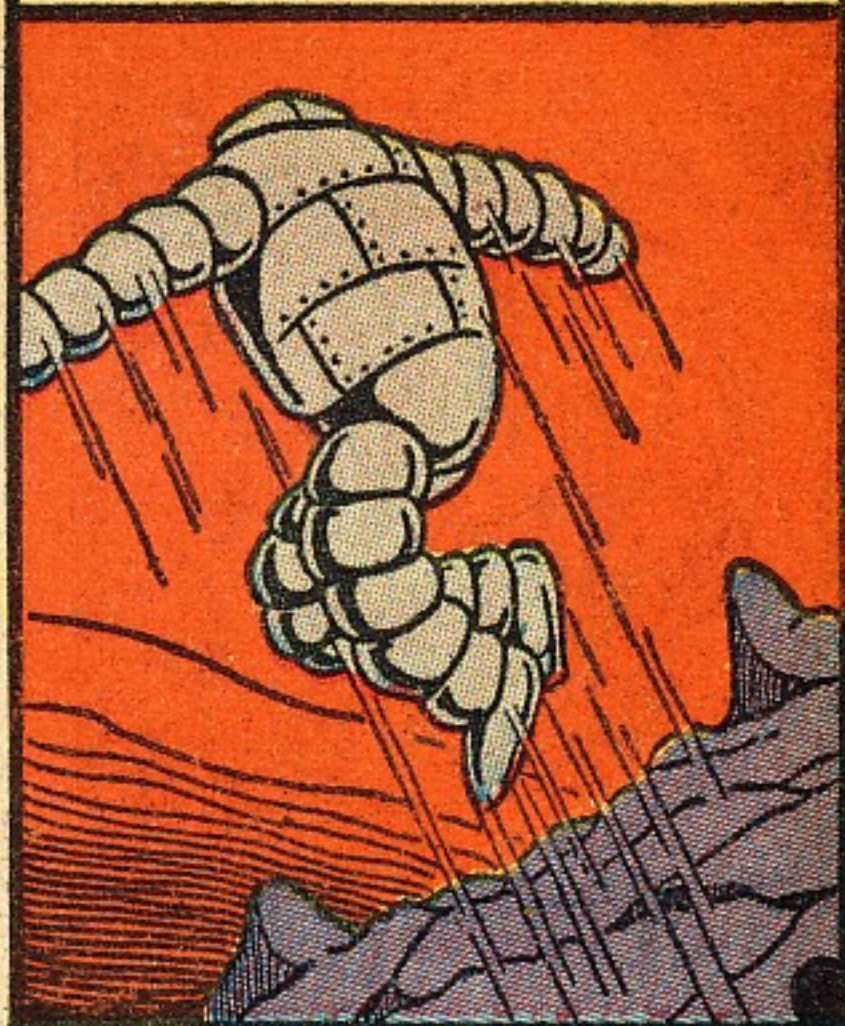
THIS WILL PUT AN END
TO HIS BIG-TIME-HERO
ANTICS!



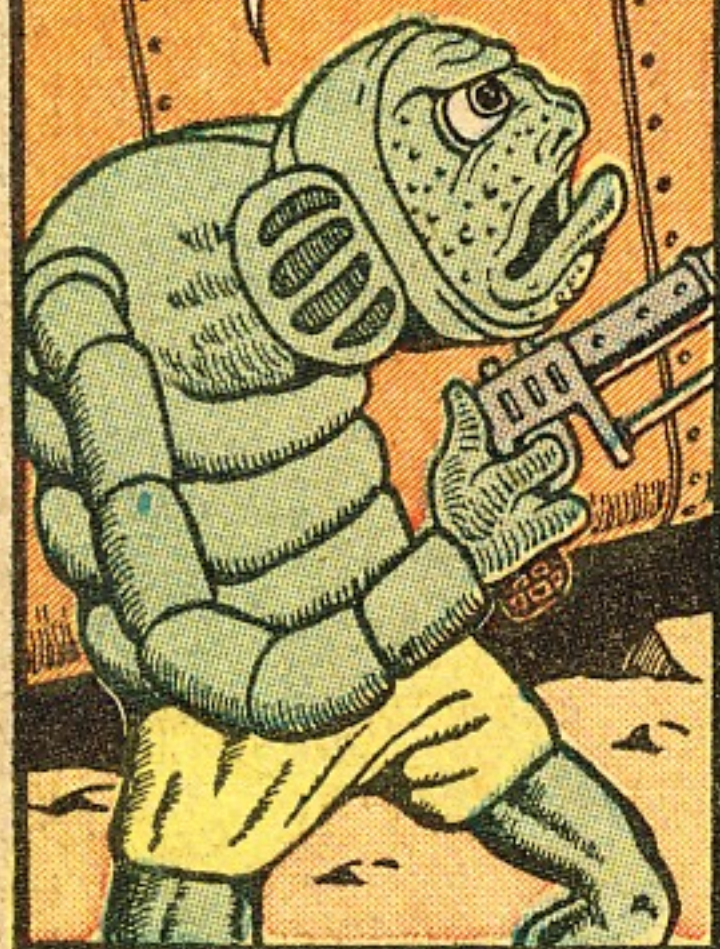
A HISSING STREAM OF DEATH
CRACKS AGAINST SPACEHAWK'S
ARMOR.....



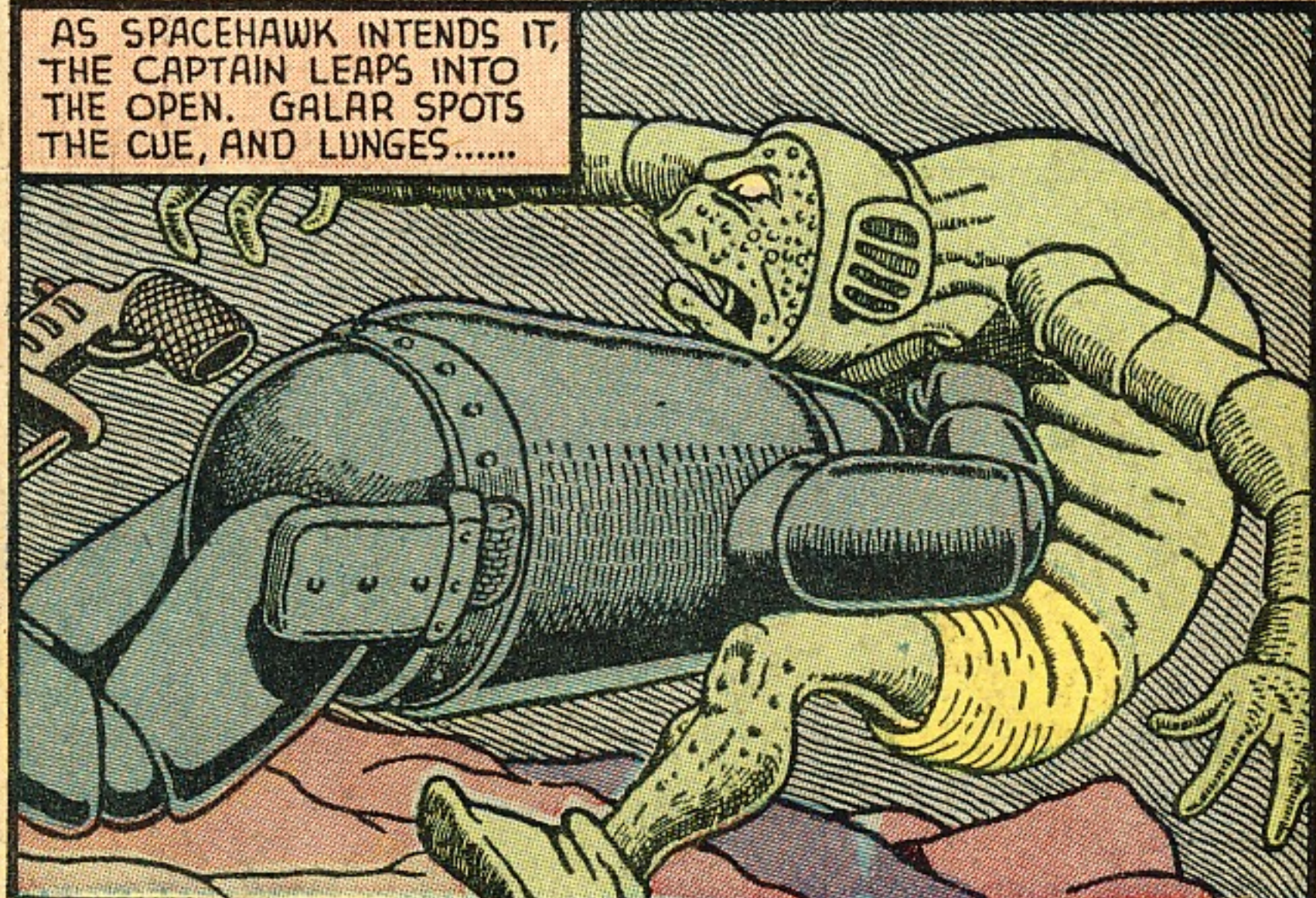
— BUT BEFORE THE FIERY FORCE
CAN CUT THRU THE METAL, HE
LEAPS UPWARD.....



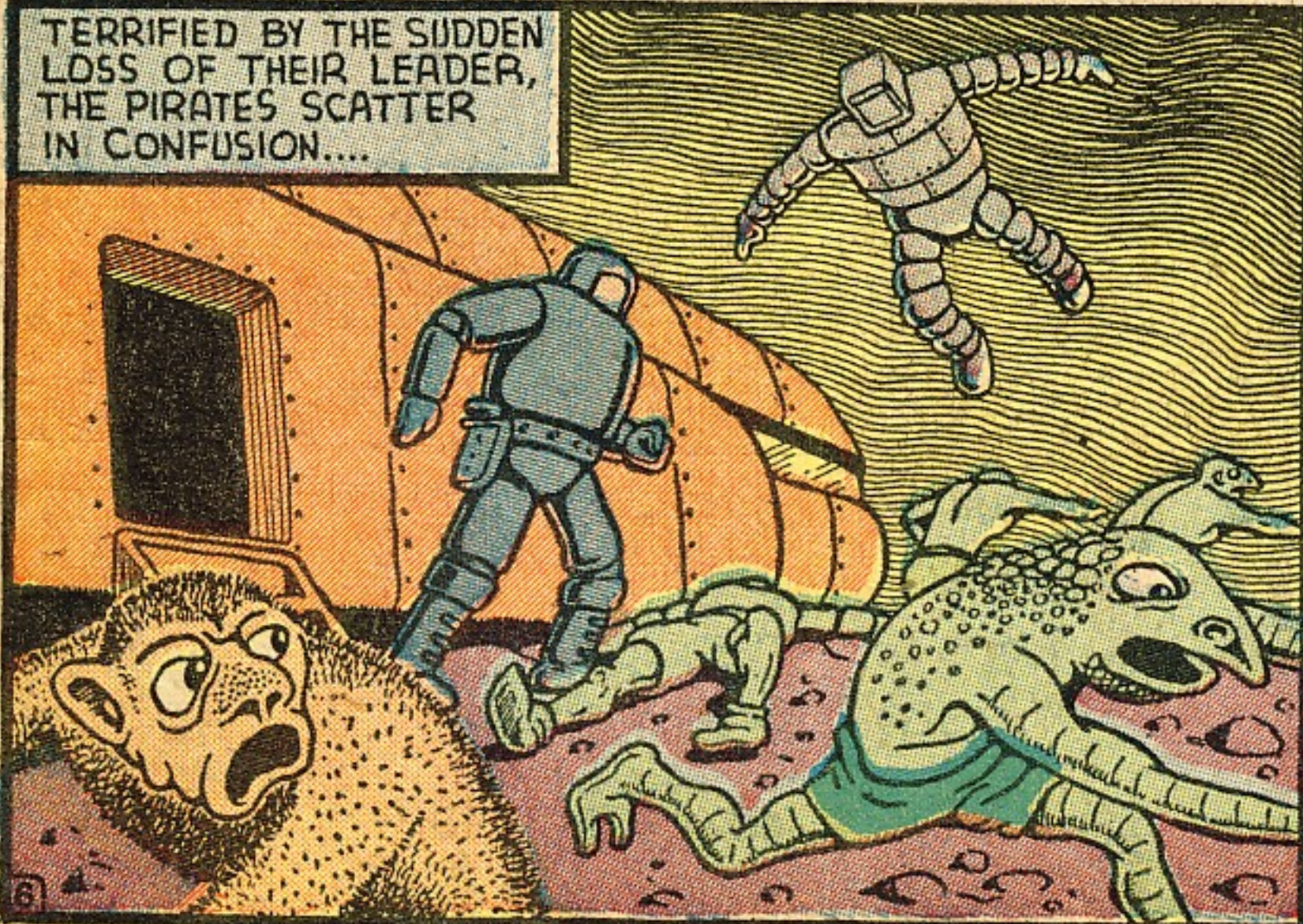
HE THINKS I CAN'T HIT
A MOVING TARGET, EH?
I'LL SHOW HIM!



AS SPACEHAWK INTENDS IT,
THE CAPTAIN LEAPS INTO
THE OPEN. GALAR SPOTS
THE CUE, AND LUNGES.....



TERRIFIED BY THE SUDDEN
LOSS OF THEIR LEADER,
THE PIRATES SCATTER
IN CONFUSION....

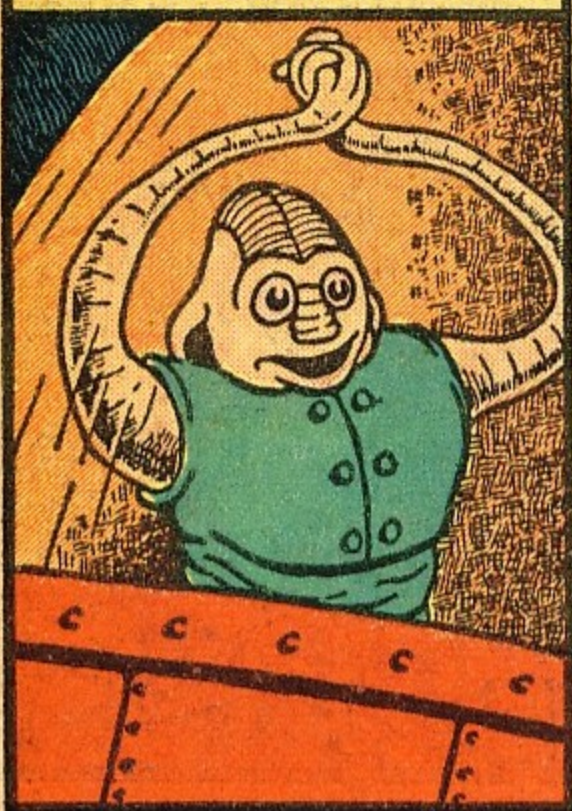


GREAT WORK, GALAR!
I SEE YOU'RE STILL FULL
OF THE OLD ZIP!

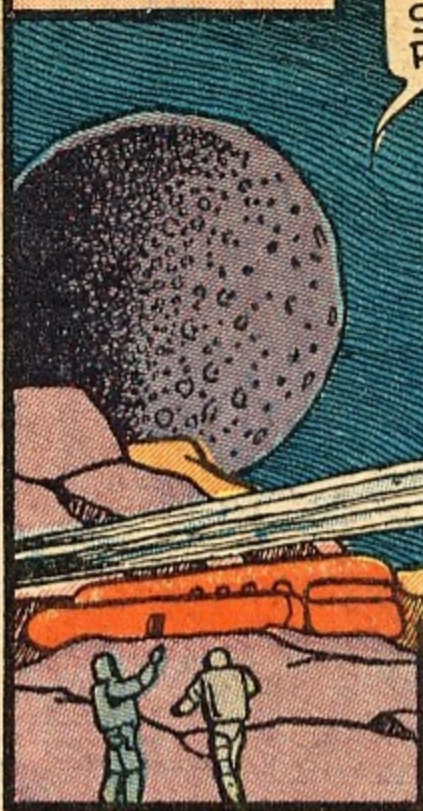
THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH
FUN IN CENTURIES!



THE MARTIAN COMMANDER OF THE LINER WAVES HIS THANKS—



—AND THE SHIP ROARS AWAY....



WELL, SPACEHAWK, BOTH OUR SHIPS HAVE FLOWN OFF INTO SPACE, AND WE'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN! WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE PIRATE CRATE TO ESCAPE FROM HERE!

I'M SURE WE'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT, GALAR. FIRST, I WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT NONE OF THE PIRATES CAN ESCAPE FROM HERE. I'LL BE BACK RIGHT AWAY!

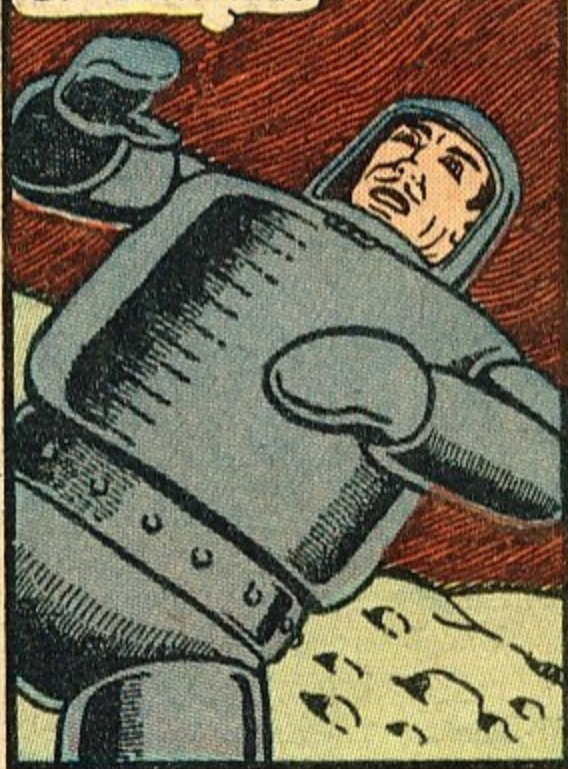


SPACEHAWK TAKES OFF IN THE PIRATE SHIP....

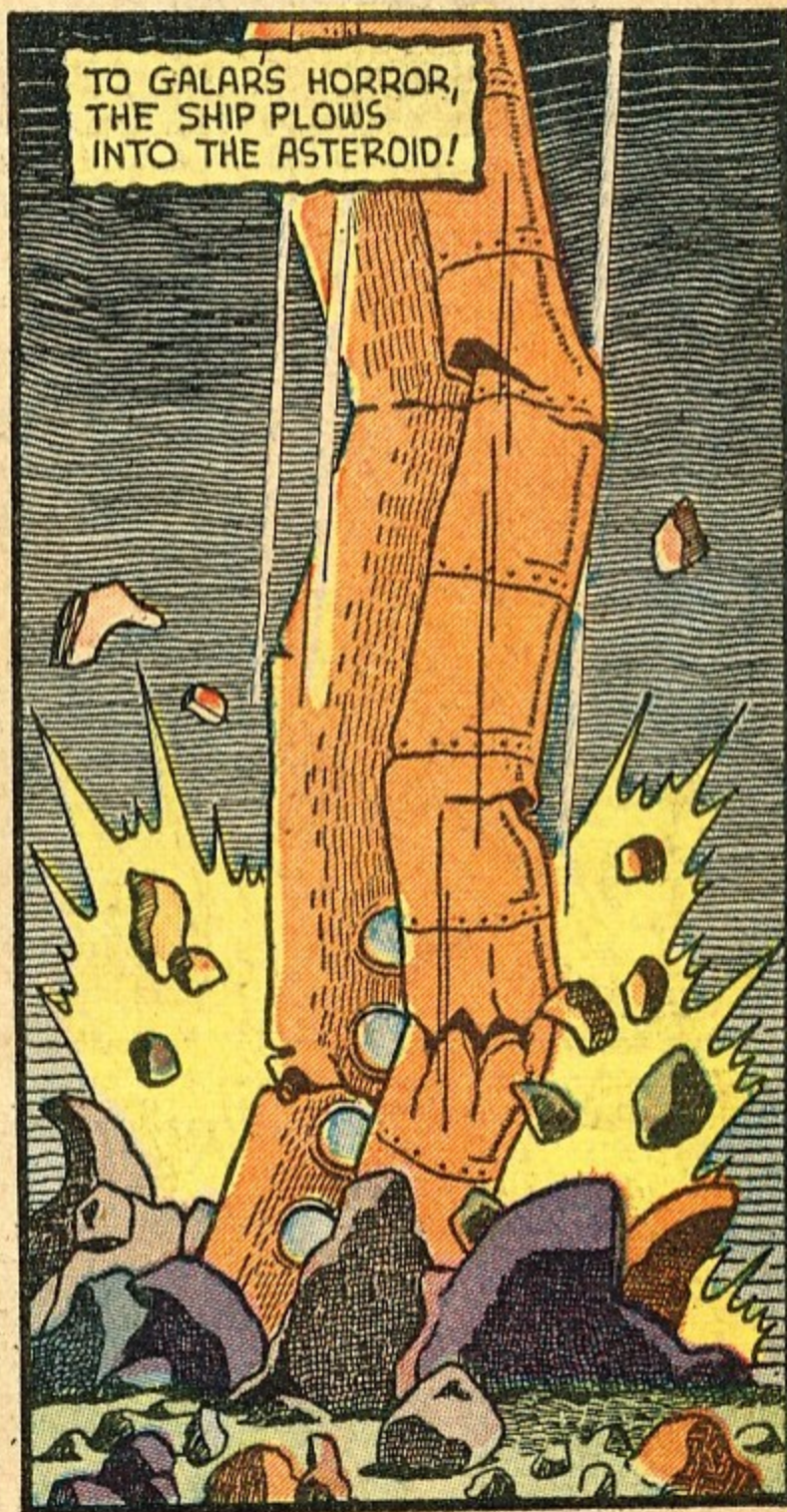


WONDER WHY HE'S CLIMBING SO HIGH INTO THE SKY —?

SUFFERING SATELLITES! HE'S COMING DOWN OUT OF CONTROL!

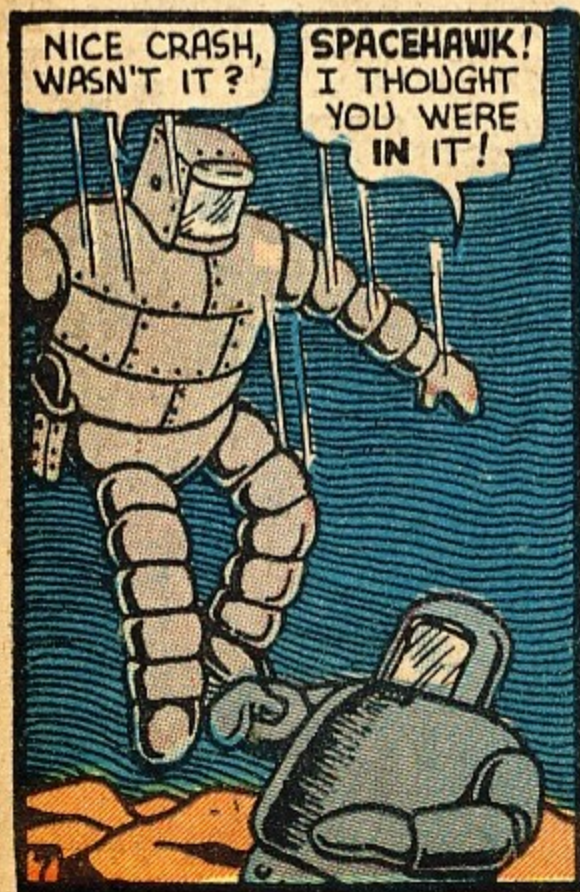


TO GALAR'S HORROR, THE SHIP PLOWS INTO THE ASTEROID!



NICE CRASH, WASN'T IT?

SPACEHAWK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN IT!



NOT MUCH! I JUMPED OUT AND LET IT CRASH! NOW THE PIRATES WILL BE BOTTLED UP HERE!

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO ESCAPE?



SPACEHAWK'S POWERFUL MIND SENDS OUT A MENTAL SIGNAL. THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, HIS ROBOT PILOT RECEIVES THE MESSAGE, AND TURNS THE CRAFT BACK TOWARD THE PLANETOID.

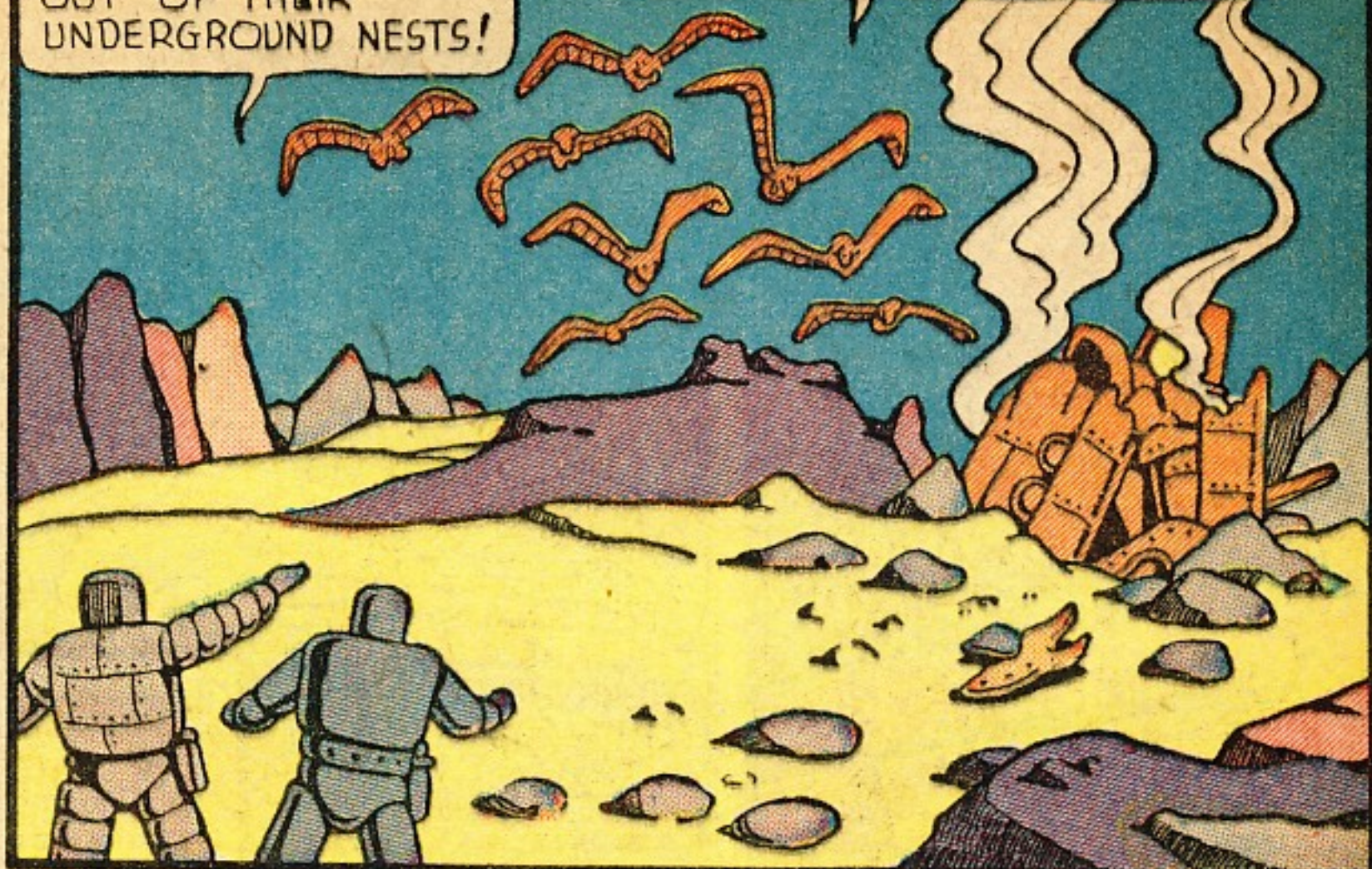


MY SHIP WILL BE HERE IN A SHORT WHILE. WHEN I'M NOT AT THE CONTROLS, I USE TELEPATHY TO GUIDE IT!

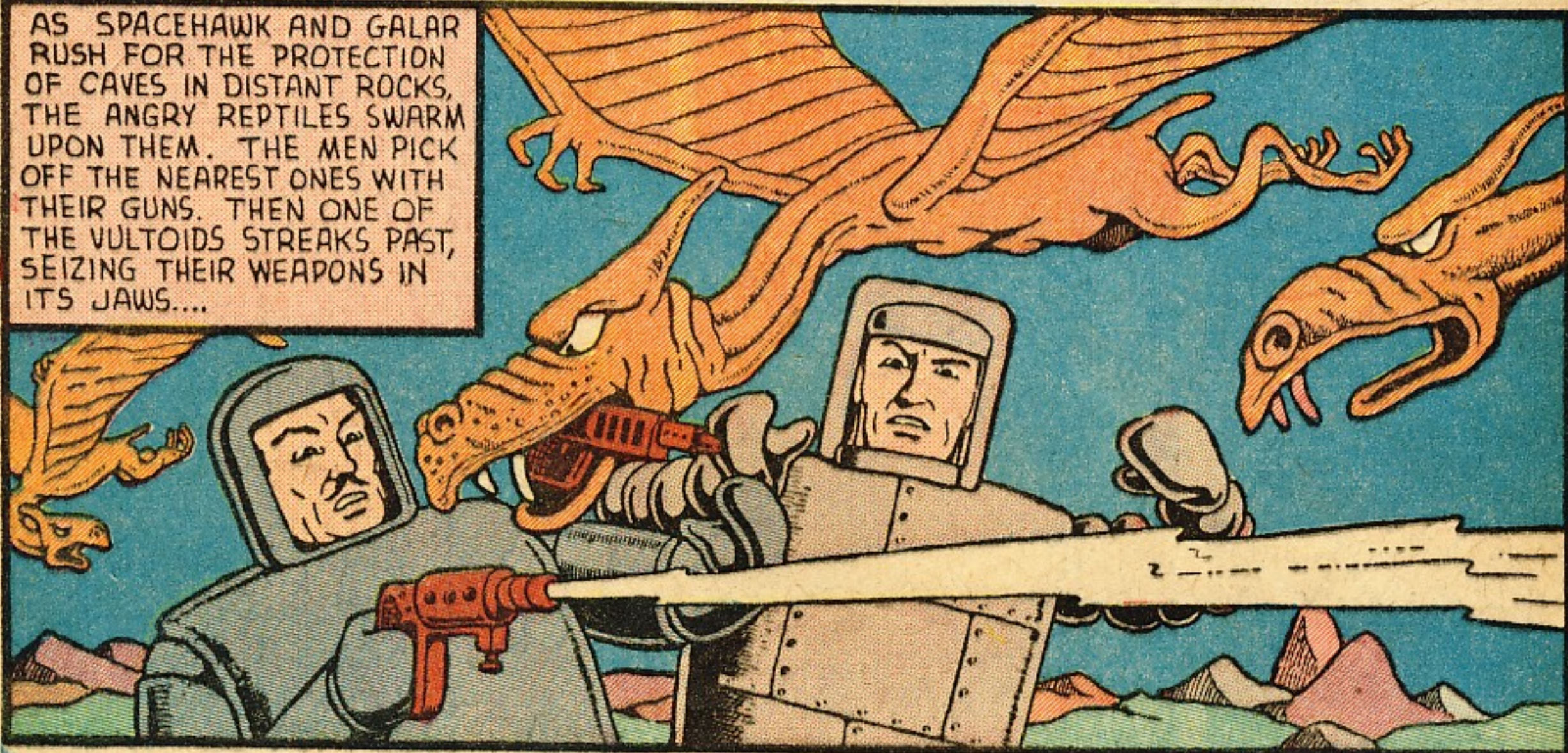
THAT'S MIRACULOUS! WITH THE EQUIPMENT YOU HAVE, THERE'S NO — **LISTEN!** WHAT'S THAT SCREAMING SOUND?

VULTOIDS! THE SHIP CRASH BROUGHT THEM OUT OF THEIR UNDERGROUND NESTS!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THOSE THINGS LOOK PLENTY UGLY!



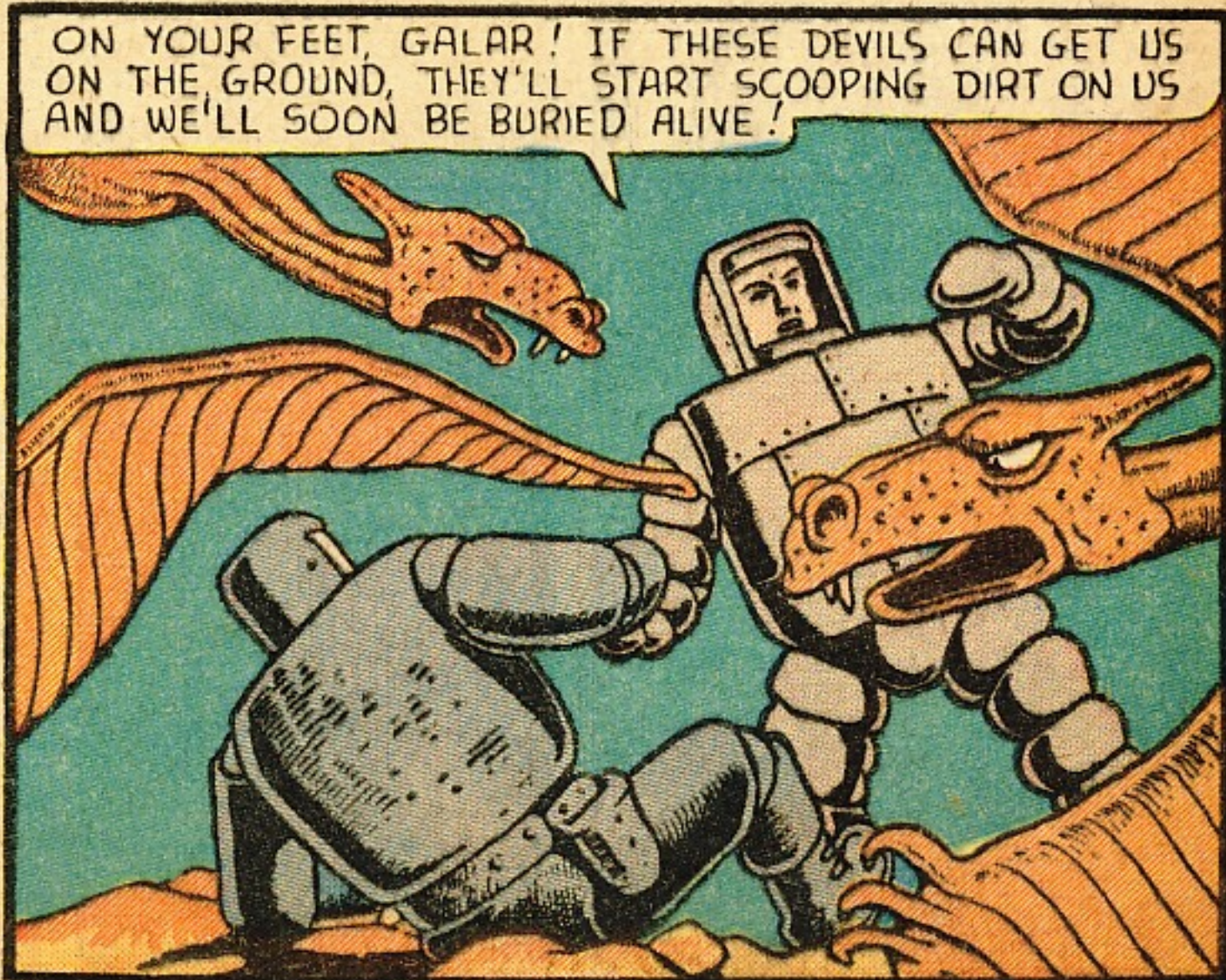
AS SPACEHAWK AND GALAR RUSH FOR THE PROTECTION OF CAVES IN DISTANT ROCKS, THE ANGRY REPTILES SWARM UPON THEM. THE MEN PICK OFF THE NEAREST ONES WITH THEIR GUNS. THEN ONE OF THE VULTOIDS STREAKS PAST, SEIZING THEIR WEAPONS IN ITS JAWS....



ANOTHER REPTILE DIVES AT GALAR, HURLING HIM TO THE GROUND....



ON YOUR FEET, GALAR! IF THESE DEVILS CAN GET US ON THE GROUND, THEY'LL START SCOOPING DIRT ON US AND WE'LL SOON BE BURIED ALIVE!



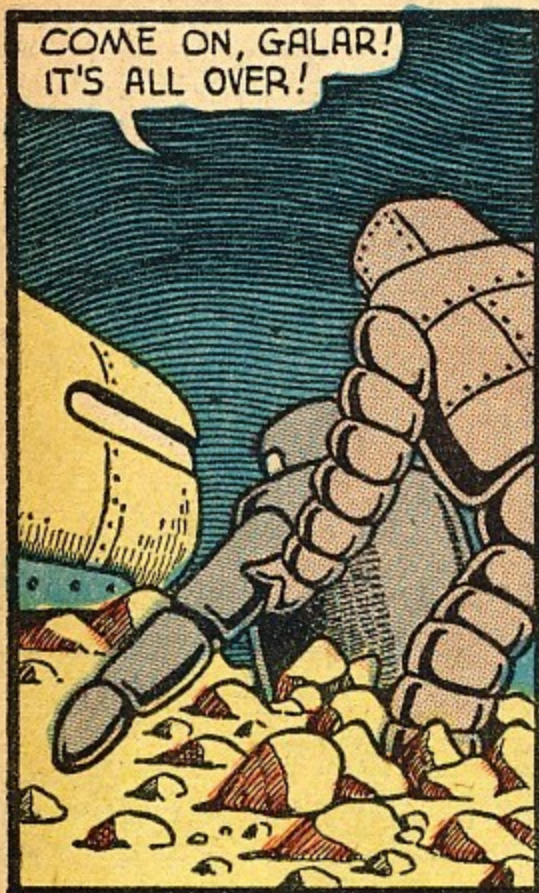
SPACEHAWK STRUGGLES TO KEEP ON HIS FEET, BUT THE VULTOIDS FORCE HIM DOWN...



INSTANTLY THE REPTILES TOSS ROCKS AND DIRT UPON THE PRONE MEN. THEY ARE ALL BUT BURIED, WHEN SPACEHAWK HEARS THE DRONE OF HIS SHIP. HE GIVES A MENTAL ORDER FOR THE CRAFT TO DIVE LOW. THE SHIP ROARS OVERHEAD, SCATTERING THE VULTOIDS...

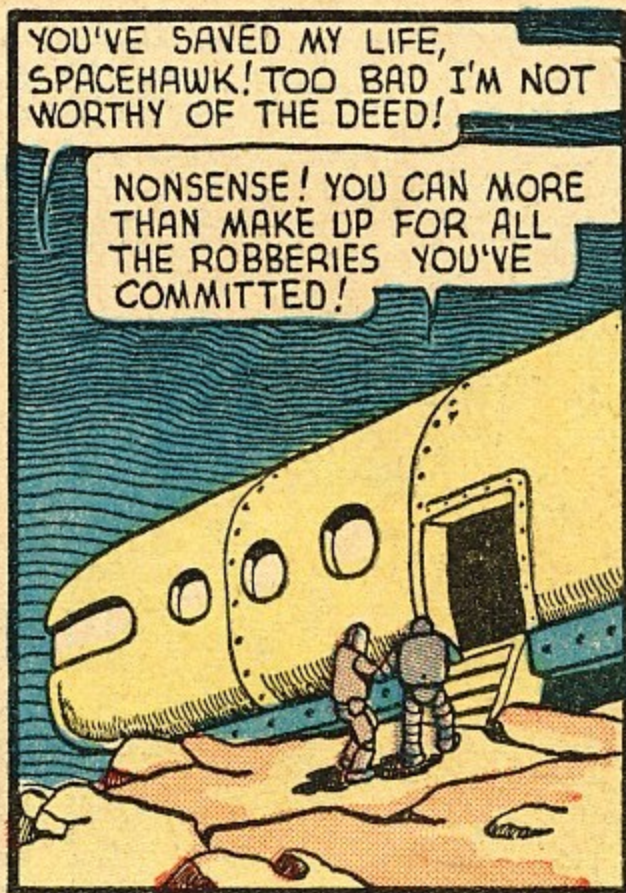


COME ON, GALAR!
IT'S ALL OVER!

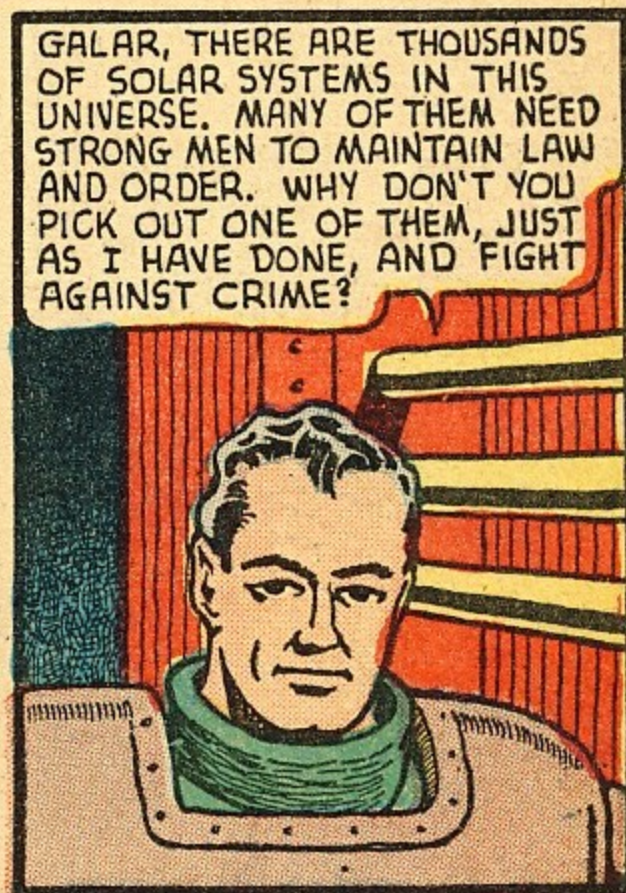


YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE, SPACEHAWK! TOO BAD I'M NOT WORTHY OF THE DEED!

NONSENSE! YOU CAN MORE THAN MAKE UP FOR ALL THE ROBBERIES YOU'VE COMMITTED!



GALAR, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF SOLAR SYSTEMS IN THIS UNIVERSE. MANY OF THEM NEED STRONG MEN TO MAINTAIN LAW AND ORDER. WHY DON'T YOU PICK OUT ONE OF THEM, JUST AS I HAVE DONE, AND FIGHT AGAINST CRIME?



BY THE BELT OF ORION, I'LL DO IT! BUT WAIT!—I ALMOST FORGOT THAT I NO LONGER HAVE A SHIP!

YOU'LL GET YOUR SHIP, GALAR! WE'LL START OVERTAKING IT NOW!



WHAT! YOU MEAN THIS TUB CAN GO THAT FAST? WHY, — YOU'D HAVE TO TRAVEL A MILLION MILES AN HOUR!

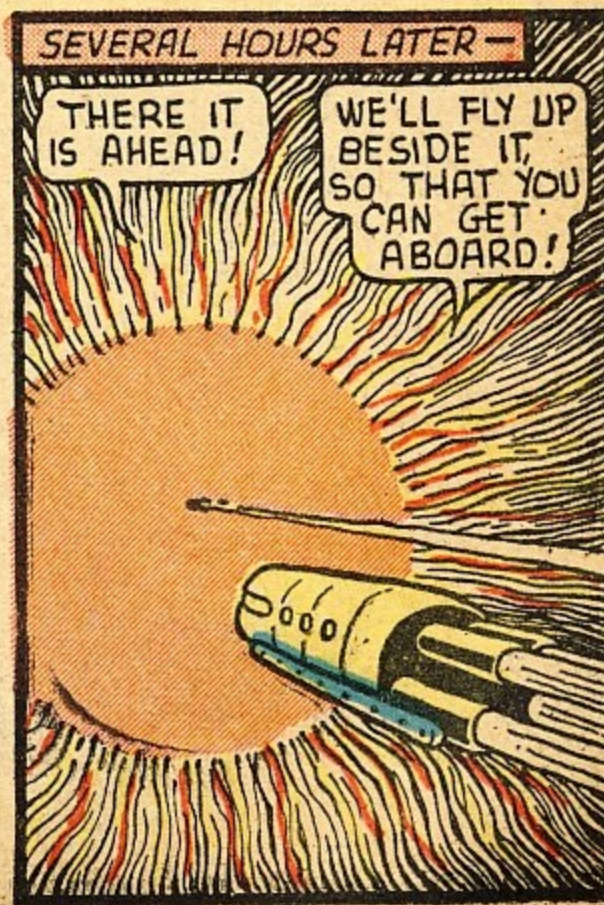
IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE! I HAPPEN TO KNOW A LITTLE SECRET OF APPLYING ATOMIC POWER!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER —

THERE IT IS AHEAD!

WE'LL FLY UP BESIDE IT, SO THAT YOU CAN GET ABOARD!



SO LONG, SPACEHAWK, AND
THANKS FOR PUTTING ME
RIGHT! HOPE I SEE YOU
AGAIN BEFORE ANOTHER
SIX HUNDRED YEARS PASS!

GOOD LUCK, GALAR!
I HOPE SO, TOO!

GALAR LEAPS ACROSS
TO HIS SHIP...

—AND STREAKS OFF
TOWARD OUTER SPACE—
AND A NEW KIND
OF LIFE....

NOW TO GET BACK TO
SATURN, AND FINISH THE
HUNTING I STARTED!

I SHOULD HAVE
PREVAILED
UPON GALAR
TO COME WITH
ME! HE WOULD
ENJOY IT!

AGAIN SPACEHAWK LANDS
IN THE SATURNIAN FOREST...

WELL FOR — CAN I
BELIEVE MY EYES?

SPACEHAWK!

GALAR!

I HAD TO COME BACK HERE
AND GET A SUPPLY OF MEAT
TO DO ME THRU MY LONG
TRIP, SPACEHAWK! THERE'S NO
PLACE IN THIS GALAXY WHERE
THERE'S SUCH HUNTING AS
THERE IS HERE!

RIGHT YOU ARE,
GALAR! AND
WE'RE DOING OUR
HUNTING
TOGETHER!

THERE
WILL BE
ANOTHER
OF
SPACEHAWK'S
STRANGE
ADVENTURES
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
TARGET
COMICS!

THE WHITE STREAK

and the **GREEN TIE SOCIETY**
by **CARL BURGOS**



THE **WHITE STREAK**...HIS FEATURES CHANGED THROUGH PLASTIC SURGERY...AND ACTING UNDER **F.B.I.** ORDERS FROM MR. HOOK, AN AGENT, TRACKS DOWN THE **GREEN TIE ORGANIZATION** SUSPECTED OF FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITIES. ASSUMING THE NAME OF **DAN SANDERS**...THE STREAK, THROUGH A MR. RENSEN, IS INTRODUCED TO THE HEAD OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER OF THE GREEN TIES, MR. KORN...TO TEST SANDERS, THE **WHITE STREAK**, FOR ENTRANCE INTO THE SOCIETY, HE IS SENT ON A SPECIAL MISSION WITH RENSEN TO PANAMA.

I AM IN A PICKLE...HOOK ORDERS ME TO JOIN THE GREEN TIES, AND I DO! THEN KORN, HEAD OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER OF THE G.T.S., SHIPS ME OFF TO PANAMA! HOW CAN I GET WORD TO HOOK AND TELL HIM THE CANAL IS IN DANGER?



OF COURSE I COULD BLAST THE SHIP WITH MY ELECTRONS, BUT THAT WOULD GIVE AWAY MY DISGUISE TO THE HEAD OF THE GREEN TIES! JUMPIN' 'LECTROS, I'VE GOT IT!



SATISFIED THAT THE CREW CAN'T SEE HIM OR MISS HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES...THE **STREAK** CLIMBS UP THE WIRELESS POLE.

I HOPE IT WORKS!

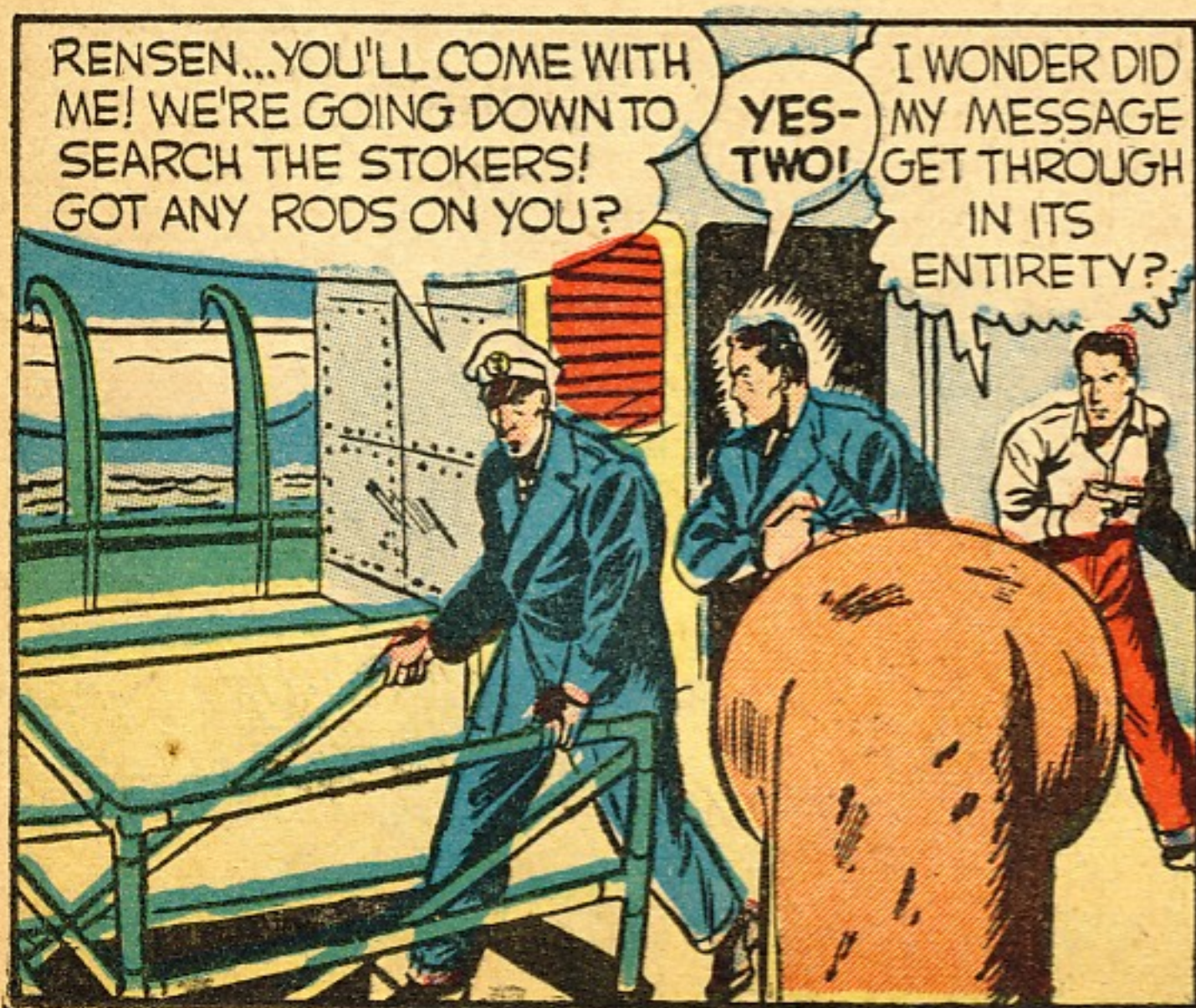


SECONDS LATER-IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE **JENNY LYNN**...

IT CAN'T BE! UNLESS THE SHIP IS H-HAUNTED!

YA BLASTED SUPERSTITIOUS SWAB! WHAT'S WRONG?







HEY... JENKINS!
A RADIO-GRAM
FROM MR. KORN!
THE WIRELESS
OPERATOR!
SO YOU'VE
COME TO
YOUR SENSES
EH?



AND JUST TO PUT YOUR SUPER-
STITIOUS SOUL AT REST...WE
FOUND THE...ER...GHOST WIRELESS
SET!...HMM...THIS MESSAGE
MEANS BUSINESS!



DOWN TO THE CARGO
HOLD...WE'VE WORK
TO DO!



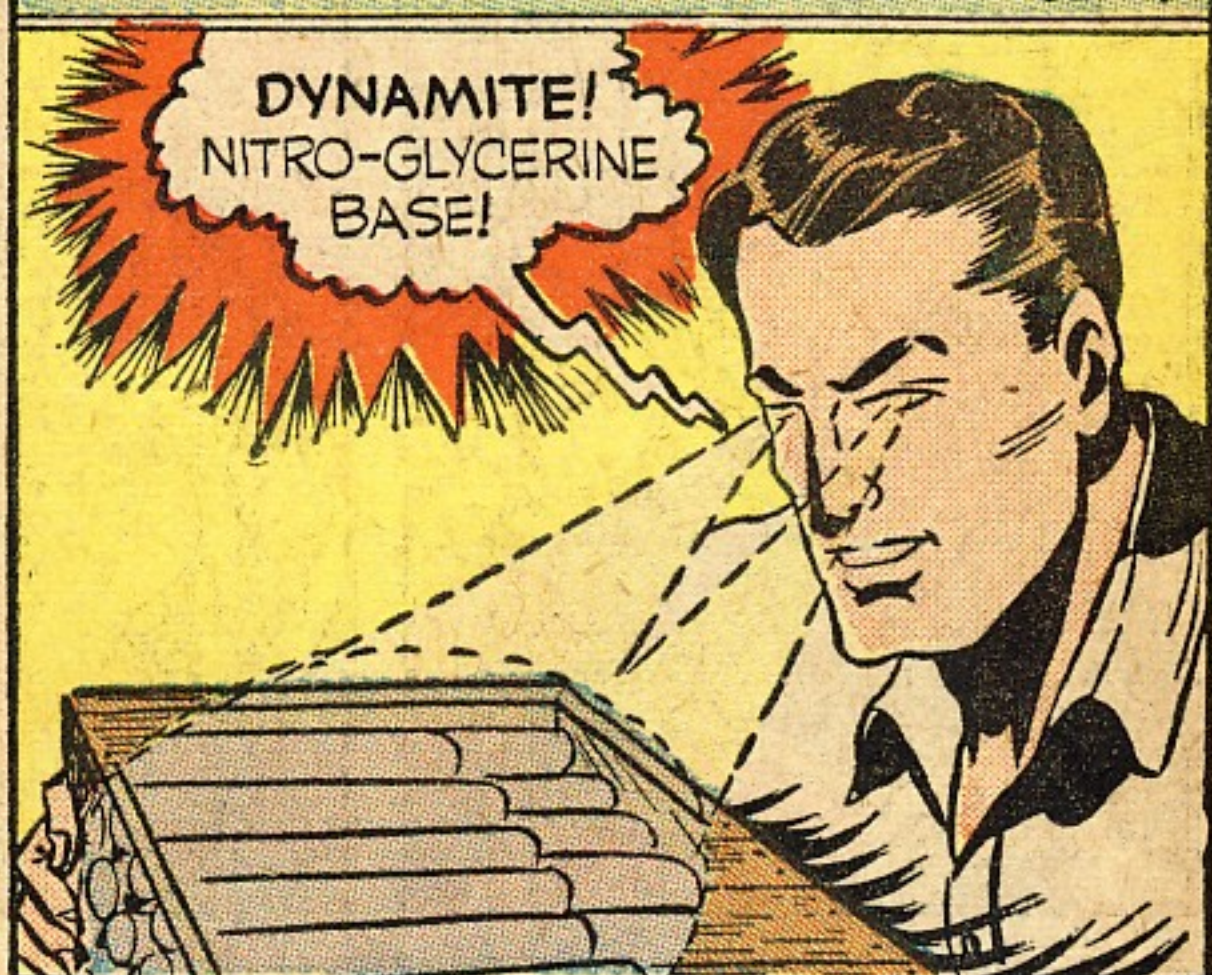
INSTANTLY JENKINS BEGINS REMOVING BOLTS
FROM THE SIDES AND REVEALS A WIDE SPACE
BETWEEN THE WALL AND THE SIDE OF THE
JENNY LYNN!



NOW BRING THOSE
SMALL CRATES MARKED
'DANGER' HERE!

RIGHT!

SANDERS...THE WHITE STREAK...TURNS ON HIS
X-RAY EYES WITHOUT USING HIS EXPLODING RAYS,
AND PIERCES THE BOXES MARKED 'DANGER'!



DYNAMITE!
NITRO-GLYCERINE
BASE!

STEP ON IT, SANDERS!
WE'VE GOT TO PUT THIS
WALL BACK BEFORE
WE REACH PANAMA!



THAT'S IT! SHOVE IT
INTO THE NICHE...EASY...
THAT DOES IT!
NOW TO GET THIS
FALSE WALL BACK
IN PLACE!



SO JENKINS, TOO, GETS HIS
ORDERS FROM KORN...I
WONDER...IS KORN HEAD OF
THESE RATS-THE GREEN TIES?
BUT JUST NOW-I'VE GOT TO
FIGURE OUT SOME SCHEME TO
RENDER THAT DYNAMITE
USELESS!



ON DECK, CAPTAIN JENKINS TAKES LEAVE TO RESUME HIS DUTIES, WHILE RENSEN ENGAGES SANDERS IN CONVERSATION...

YOU KNOW, SANDERS, I'M GETTING KIND OF LEARY ABOUT THINGS... LIKE PLACING A BOX MARKED "DANGER" IN A FALSE SIDE-I DON'T LIKE IT!

THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! SUPPOSE WE OPEN THE BOX!



THEN I'D BE ABLE TO REST EASIER! WE'VE ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE WE REACH PANAMA!

AND BY THAT TIME, RENSEN-YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO THE MAN BEHIND THE GREEN TIES IS... WITHOUT KNOWING IT!



I'LL BE... LOOK, SANDERS... NITRO-DYNAMITE!

WHAT? THAT MEANS THE BOSS PLANS TO BLOW UP THE CANAL AND US WITH IT!



NO! NO! KORN WOULDN'T DO THAT!!

BUT HE IS! THE RAT! HE SITS IN A SOFT CHAIR AND WE GET BLOWN TO BITS!



YEAH... YOU'RE RIGHT, SANDERS, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR ME HE'D NEVER BE THE CHIEF! SO THAT'S HOW HE'S PAYING ME OFF FOR SERVICES RENDERED!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



NOTHING... BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PLUG YOU FULL OF DAYLIGHT!

CAPTAIN JENKINS!



AT THAT MOMENT... A LAUNCH PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THE JENNY LYNN...

GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS... WHERE'S JENKINS?





SANDERS LETS JENKINS DROP TO THE DECK...AND THEN JOINS THE CREW WHO ARE BATTLING THE INSPECTORS!



BUT SAILORS FROM THE GOVERNMENT LAUNCH BOARD THE JENNY LYNN, AND SOON BRING THE CREW TO ORDER!

KEEP THOSE MEN COVERED...WHILE WE EXAMINE THE SHIP!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



UP WITH THEM-MISTER!

D-DON'T SHOOT! THERE'S DYNAMITE HERE!



JUMPIN' STONES!

IF THIS STUFF EVER HIT THE CANAL LOCKS-THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY CANAL LEFT!

THEN HOOK WAS RIGHT!



RANDOLPH AND HIS MEN BRING THE JENNY LYNN INTO PORT...WHERE THEY ARE MET BY THE CONSTABULARY...

FIFTH COLUMNISTS...EH, RANDOLPH? WELL...SHOW THEM OUR JAIL TILL SENTENCE IS PASSED!

GOOD!



LATER....

WELL...SANDERS, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

DON'T KNOW YET, RENSEN...BUT I DON'T LIKE BEING COOPED UP!...



...SO I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK OUT!

I KNOW HE'S THE STREAK, AND HE CAN DO IT...BUT I MUST PLAY HIS GAME FOR AWHILE...

YOU'RE NUTS! THIS IS A MODERN JAIL! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT!





LIKE THIS!

HEY! WHATS THE IDEAP

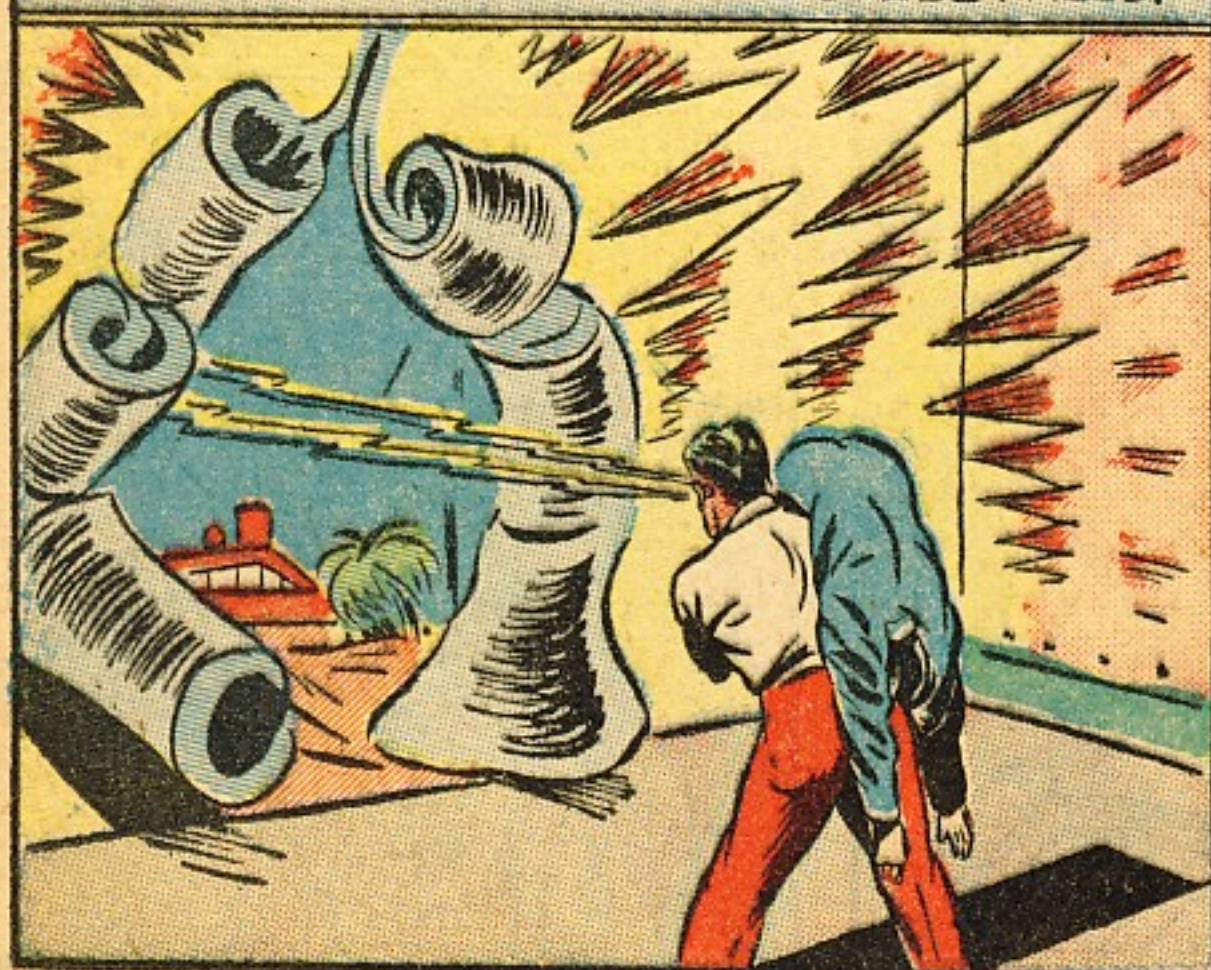


SANDERS THEN LIFTS THE LIMP RENSEN AND FLINGS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER!

I COULDN'T LET RENSEN SEE WHAT'S TO FOLLOW!



SANDERS FLASHES HIS EYES AND SHARP ELECTRONS FLIT THROUGH SPACE AND CUT AN OPENING THROUGH THE STEEL WALLS!



WAIT...DON'T SHOOT! LET HIM GO! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THAT! HE'S AFTER BIGGER GAME!



LATER...IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE?

SAFE IN THE JUNGLE! THINK YOU CAN MOVE ON?

YES!

AND WHEN WE REACH THE MAINLAND, ARE YOU GOING TO BE SURPRISED!

WELL... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MOVING! LET'S GO!



WHAT WILL HAPPEN

WHEN Rensen AND Sanders

REACH THE MAINLAND? WILL THE STREAK...ALIAS DAN SANDERS RUN DOWN AND EXPOSE the

GREEN TIES...[®]

BULL'S-EYE



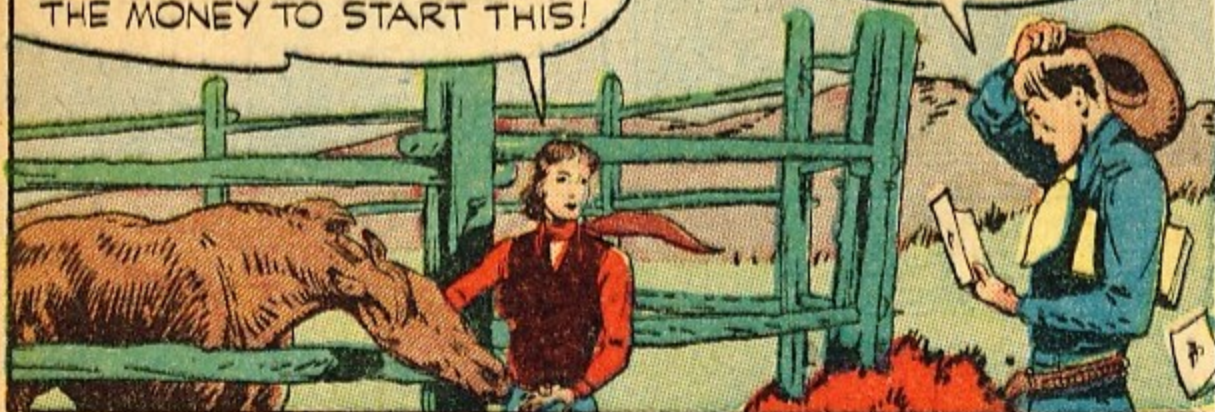
ALL RIGHT...LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOX! YUH'VE BEEN KEEPIN' IT A MYSTERY LONG ENOUGH!

I WILL...IF YOU PROMISE YOU WON'T GET MAD!

HAVING FINISHED THE LOCATION SHOTS ON TARGET RANCH...THE UNITED PICTURES COMPANY HAS GONE, AND BILL HAS BEEN PAID \$10,000 RENTAL FEE AGREED UPON BY J. WALTER SIMPSON. IN ADDITION, BILL HAD THE SATISFACTION OF PROVING TEX O'CONNOR-UNITED WESTERN STAR-A FOURFLUSHER! THERE REMAINS BUT ONE THING...DEE'S STRANGE CONDUCT DURING THE PICTURE COMPANY'S STAY...

THERE...NOW MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I WANTED TO KEEP ON GOOD TERMS WITH TEX! IF IT HAD BEEN UP TO YOU- THEY'D HAVE LEFT LONG AGO, AND WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE MONEY TO START THIS!

WELL...I'LL BE --! YUH DON'T THINK FOR ONE MINUTE YUH'RE GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS...DO YUH?



IT'S TOO LATE TO ARGUE! THE MEN WILL BE HERE IN A FEW DAYS TO MAKE ALTERATIONS...AND A SHIPMENT OF COW PONIES IS ON THE WAY! BESIDES, MR. SIMPSON TOOK A BUNCH OF THESE CIRCULARS TO DISTRIBUTE ABOUT FOR ME!

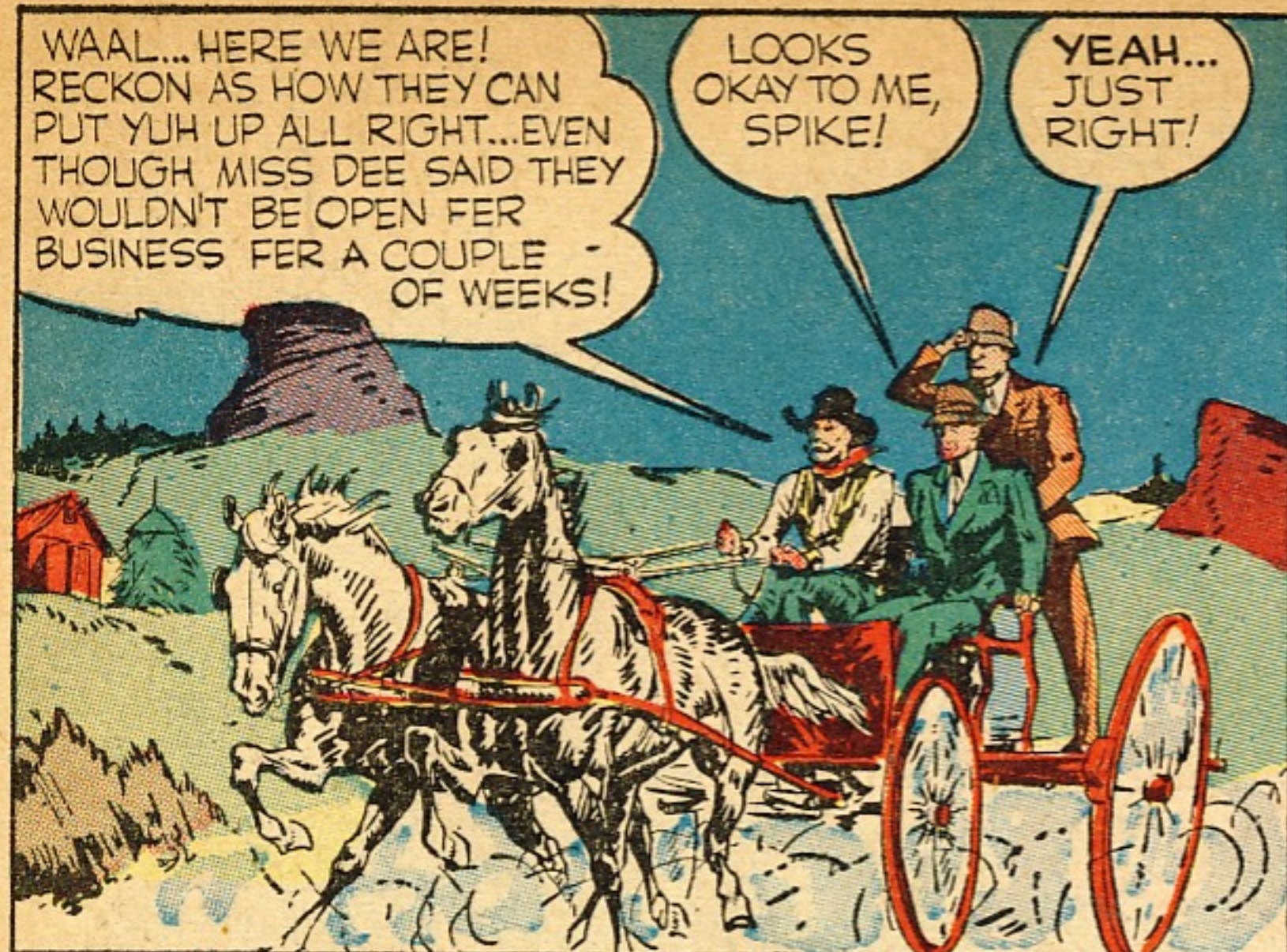
WELL-YUH CAN CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF! I'M NOT GONNA TURN TARGET INTO A DUDE RANCH...NOW OR EVER!



BESIDES...WITH PAINTER HERE GETTIN' OLDER... IT'D BE TOO DANGEROUS TUH HAVE STRANGERS ABOUT!

SHHHHHH! LOOK!





EIGHT LETTERS...ALL SUGGESTING NAMES FOR PAINTER! ONE SAYS **BOOTS**...ANOTHER **MICKEY**...ANOTHER **TARGET**-OR **TAG** FOR SHORT...ANOTHER **SLEEK**...ANOTHER **SANDY**...AND THREE SUGGEST WE KEEP CALLING HIM PAINTER!



WELL...WE'LL HAVE TUH WAIT UNTIL WE GET SOME MORE LETTERS BEFORE WE MAKE UP OUR MIND! BUT MY MIND'S ALREADY MADE UP ABOUT ONE THING...I'M NOT GONNA SEE PAINT HERE CHAINED UP LIKE THIS - JUST 'CAUSE HE DOESN'T LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS! OUT THEY GO... **TOMORROW!**

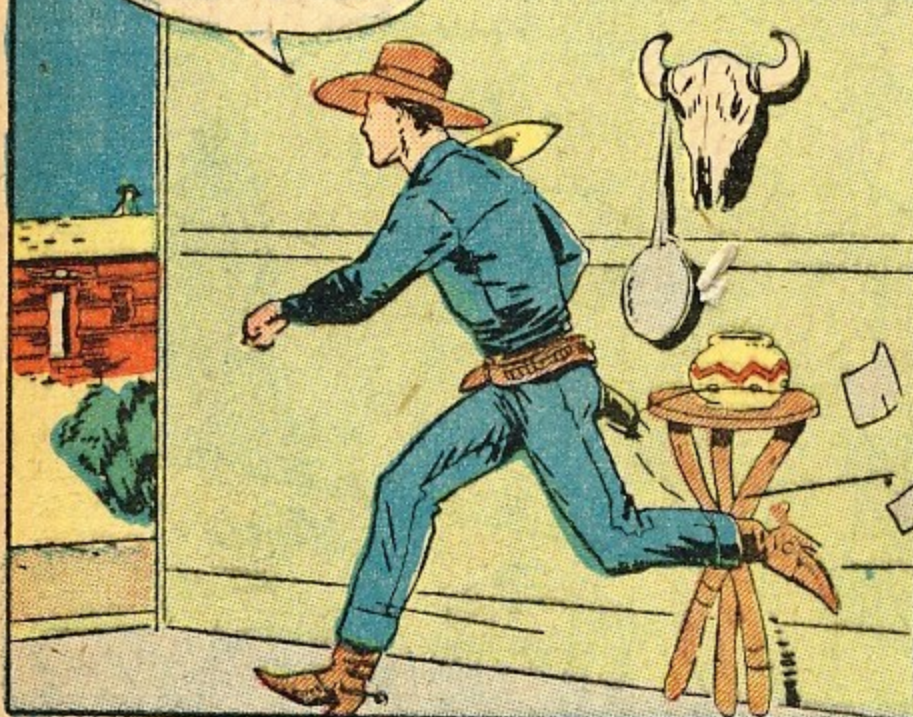


HOW ARE WE GOING TO RUN A DUDE RANCH - IF PAINTER CAN'T LEARN TO BEHAVE?

THAT'S JUST IT... WE CAN'T! SO WE'RE GOING TO GIVE UP THIS... **WHAT'S THAT?**



THAT WAS A SHOT! AN' IT CAME FROM THE BUNKHOUSE! YUH **KEEP BACK!**



BILL... BE CAREFUL!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHAT HAPPENED?

ER-NOTHIN'... THAT IS... MY GUN WENT OFF ACCIDENTALLY!

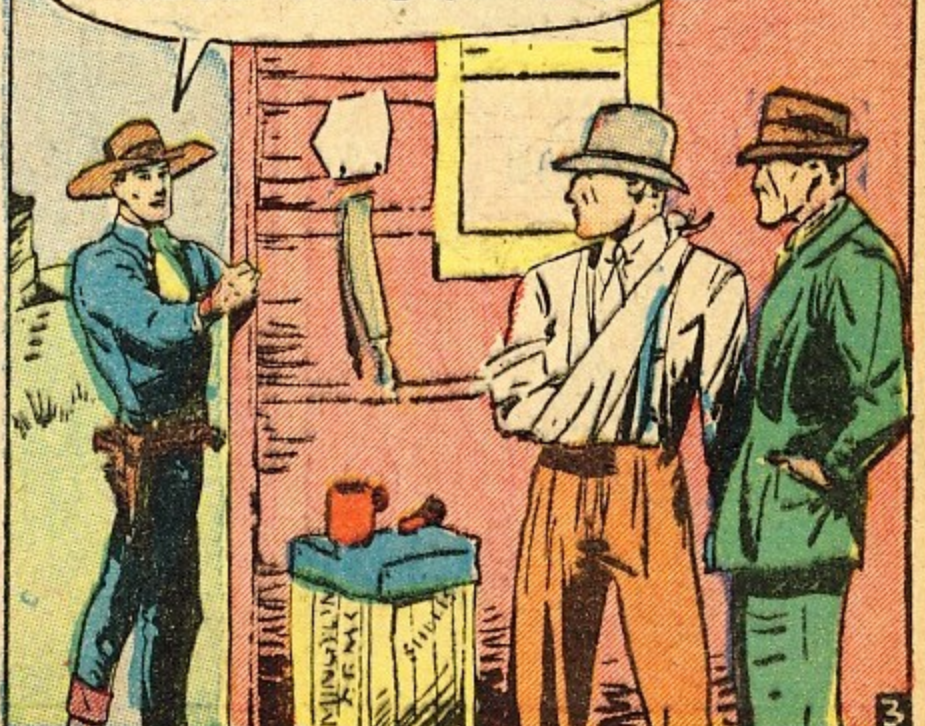


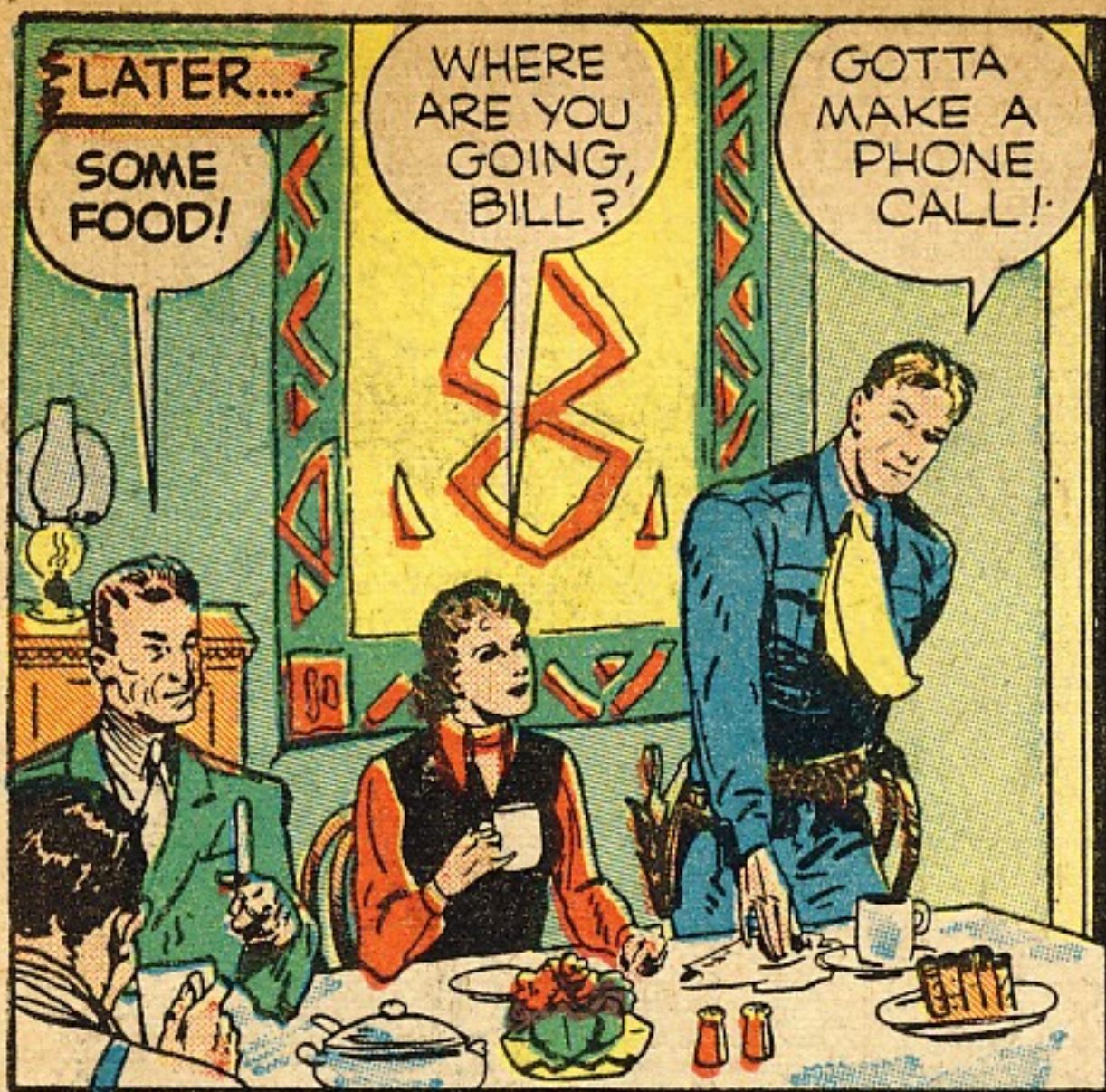
THAT HANDKERCHIEF'S NO GOOD...TOO SMALL! THIS PIECE OF SHIRT WILL MAKE A BETTER BANDAGE...

TOUGH THAT GUN HAD TO GO OFF LIKE THAT, WASN'T IT, SAMMY? WHAT TIME'S DINNER?



IT'S SUPPER OUT THIS WAY! YOU'LL HEAR THE TRIANGLE RING - AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW... IT'LL BE YORE LAST HERE!





LATER...

SOME FOOD!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BILL?

GOTTA MAKE A PHONE CALL!



YUH SAY THE SHERIFF'S ALREADY ON HIS WAY OUT HERE? GOOD!



HE OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON NOW... THEN I CAN GET THAT---

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?



THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART, EH? WELL... YOU AIN'T AS SMART AS SPIKE GRINELLI! GET YOUR MITTS UP-- AND FAST!

GET YORE ROTTEN HANDS OFF OF HER-- OR I'LL...

GLUB...



SEEMING THAT DEE IS NOT IN GUN RANGE, BILL TAKES A CHANCE...

...BREAK YORE DIRTY NECKS!



BUT SPIKE'S BULLET DROPS HIM!

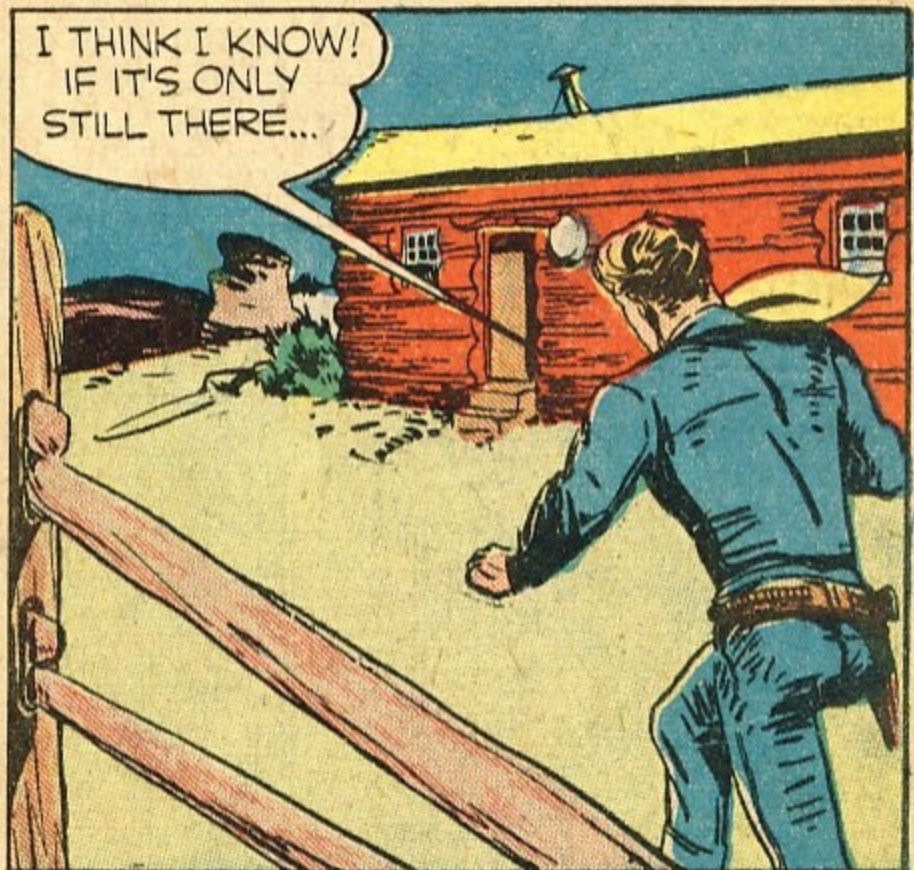
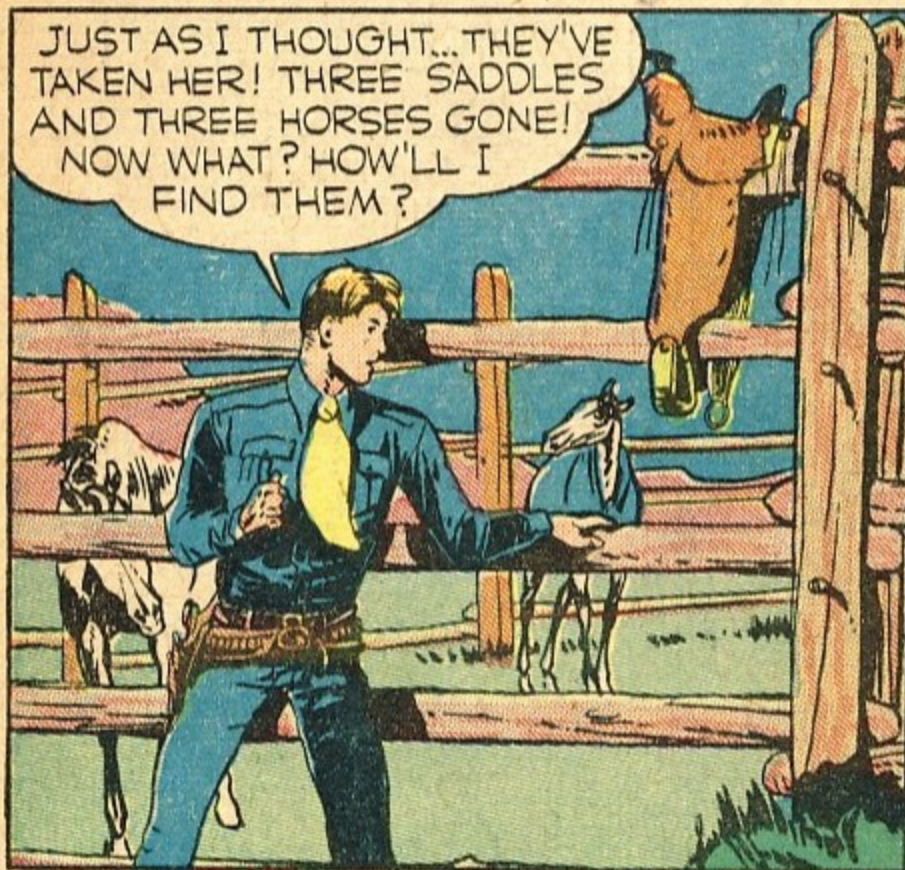
OUT-THINKIN' A BULLET'S A TOUGH JOB, FELLA... TOO TOUGH FOR YOU!

CUT IT OUT, YOU...

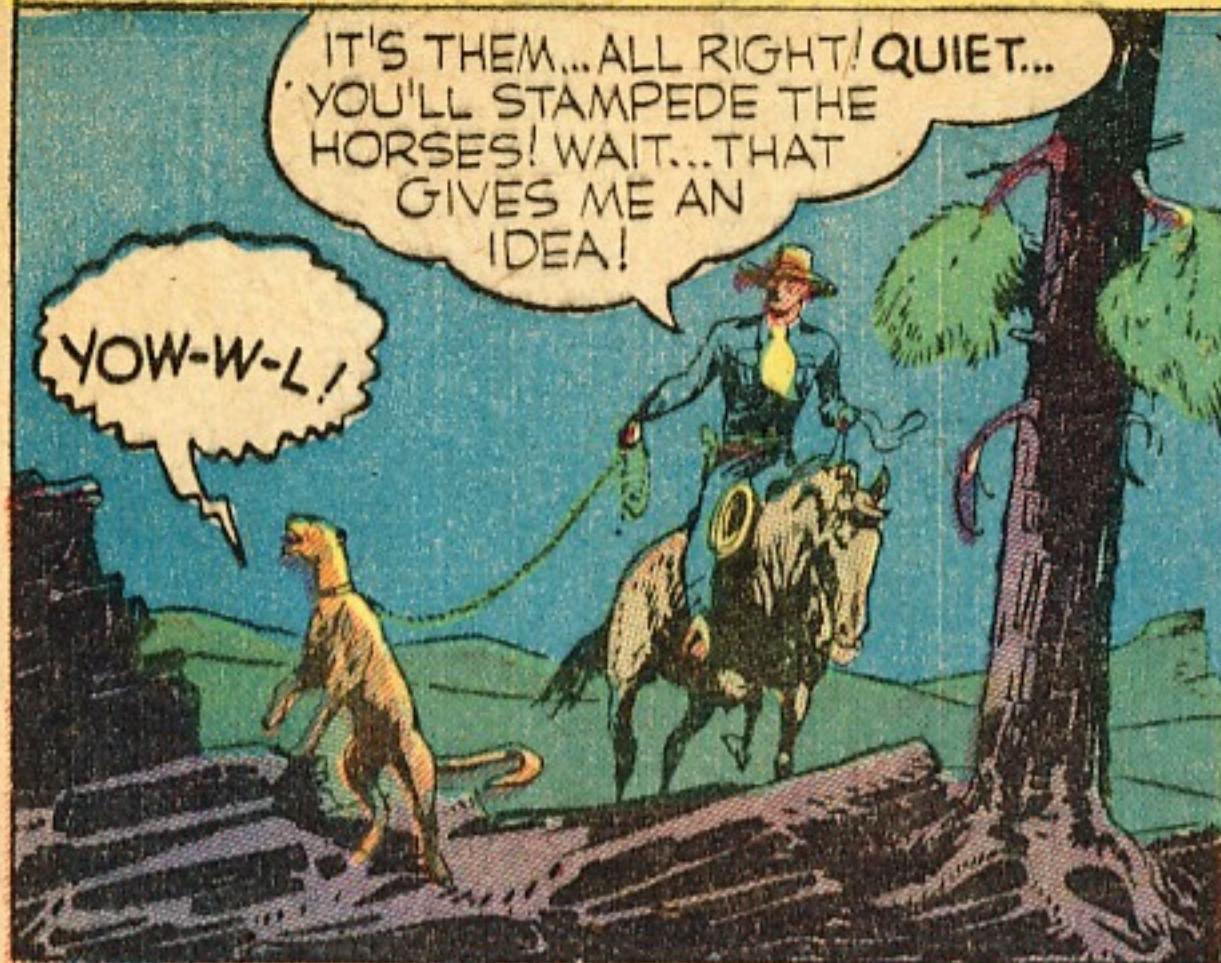


KEEP A GOOD HOLD ON HER SAMMY-- SHE'S GOTTA GET US OUTA THIS!

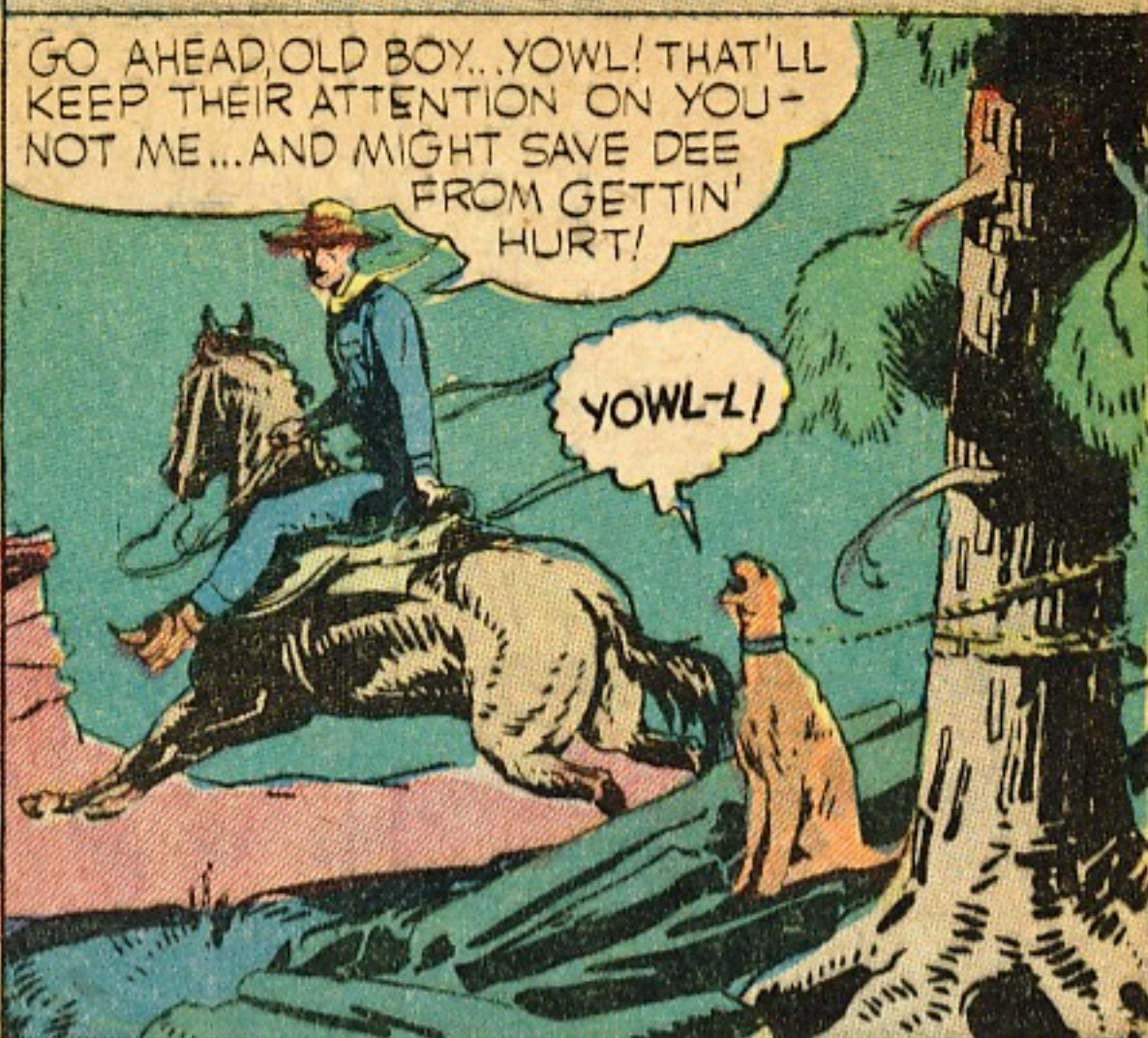
YEAH... AN' BUMPIN' OFF THIS GUY AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT ANY EASIER ON US!



HAVING STARTED SOON AFTER THE GUNMEN LEFT WITH DEE...PAINTER'S KEEN SENSE OF SMELL SOON LOCATES THE TRAIL...THEN A SHORT WHILE LATER...



CHAINING PAINTER-BILL CIRCLES AHEAD OF THE GUNMEN...



... AND TAKES THEM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!



GEE...I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



A HALF HOUR LATER...



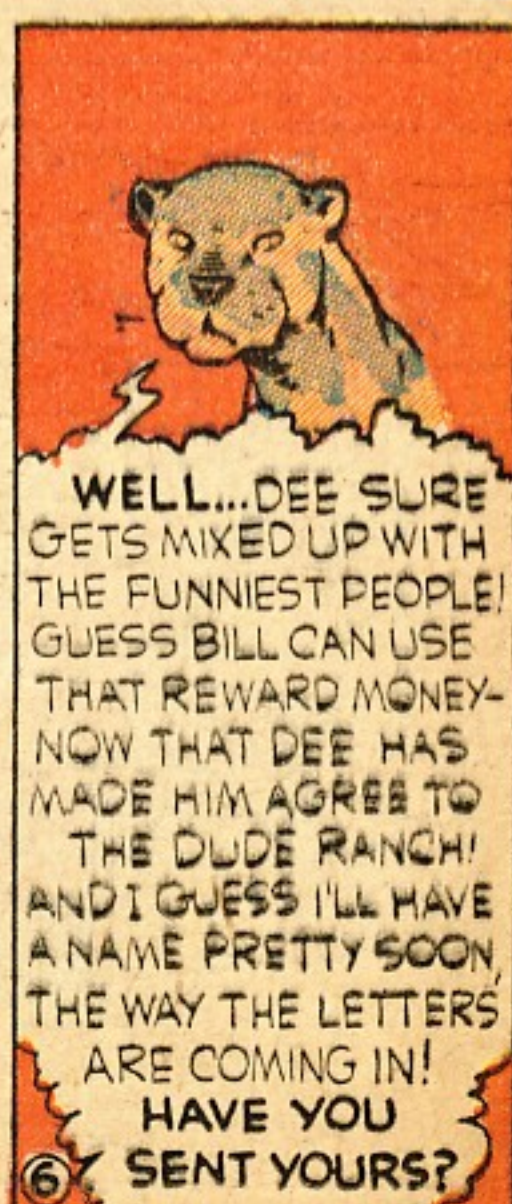
BILL LEARNS, TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE...THE "GUESTS" ARE GANGSTERS WANTED BY THE POLICE!



BUT I WAS ONLY CALLIN' YOU ABOUT FILIN' THAT CLAIM WE LOCATED IN THE CAVERN!



THERE...DIDN'T I TELL YOU WE SHOULD LET THOSE MEN STAY? NOW WE GOT PLENTY OF MONEY TO START THE DUDE RANCH!



The
ATOMIC
BOMB

LUCKY BYRD

Flier of 'G2'

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

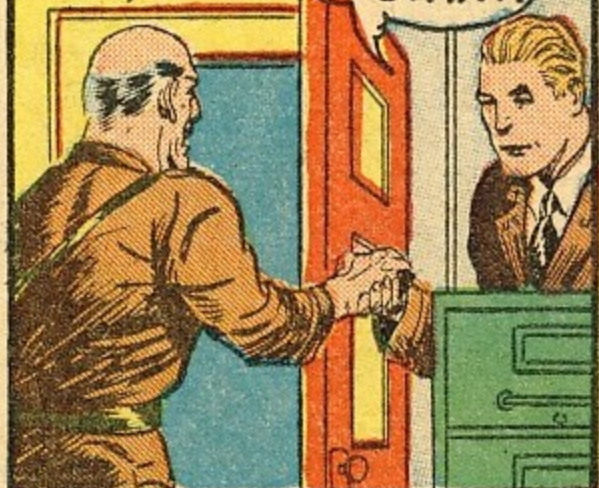
LUCKY BYRD, 2ND LIEUTENANT, ARMY AIR CORPS RESERVE, IS A RECENT GRADUATE OF KELLY AND RANDOLPH FIELDS, TEXAS. OFFICIALLY ASSIGNED TO ACTIVE DUTY WITH THE ARMY AIR CORPS, HE IS SECRETLY A PART OF 'G-2', THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE. RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS RECEIVED EXPOSING THE BOGUS "SPEED TEST" OF THE ZORIANS, LUCKY LEAVES THE HOSPITAL.



10

GLAD YOU'RE BACK, BYRD! GREAT WORK YOU DID EXPOSING THAT ZORIAN HOAX! **THAT** SHOULD FIX THEM!

I **DOUBT** IT, COL. CLIVE. IT'S JUST THE **START!**



AT ARMY "G2" HEADQUARTERS.

ABSURD, BYRD!

THE
PHONE, COLONEL



AFTER COL CLIVE FINISHED TALKING....

BYRD, YOU WERE **RIGHT!** THE ZORIAN MISSION HAS JUST ASKED **US** TO SEE THEIR NEW 'ATOMIC' BOMB. THEY **CLAIM** A 10 POUNDER DOES AS MUCH DAMAGE AS A TON OF T.N.T. THEY DROP 'EM FROM PLANES.

NOW WHAT'S THEIR GAME?



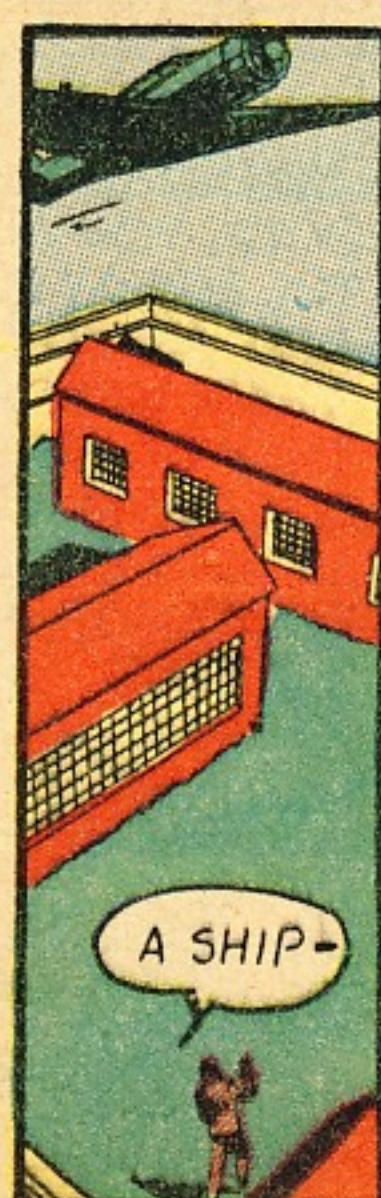
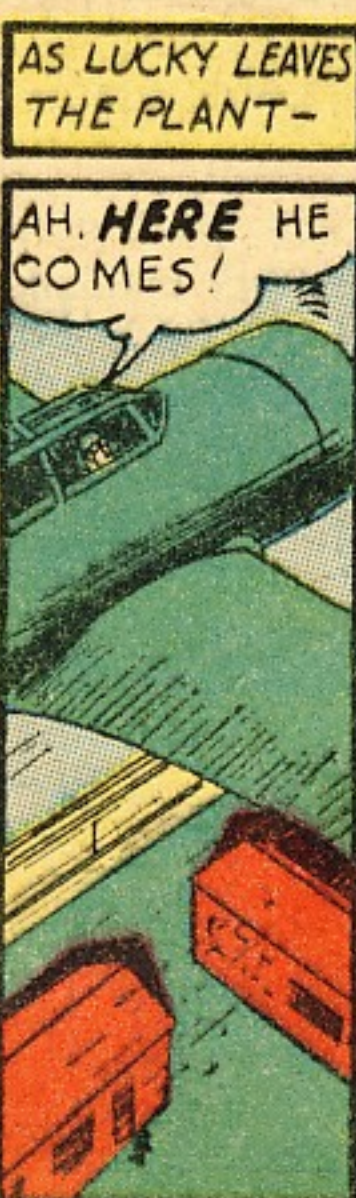
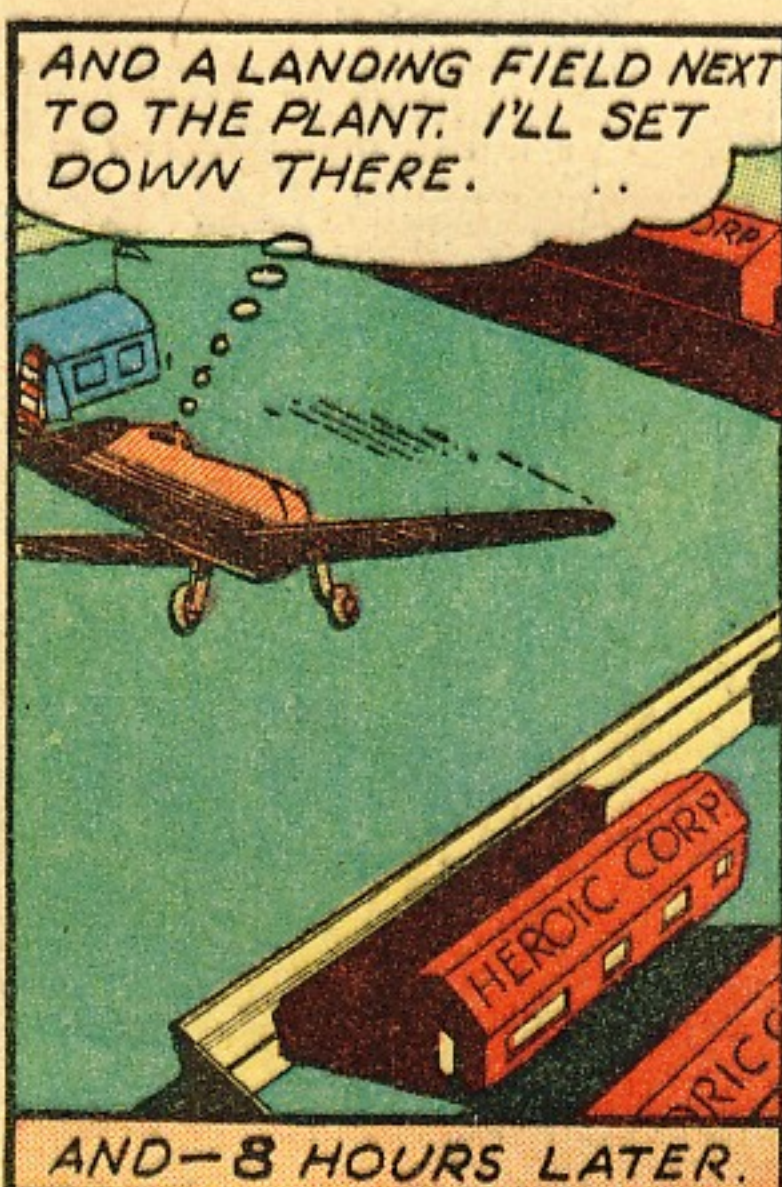
AND, AT THE ZORIAN MISSION-

THE POWER OF A
TON OF T.N.T!
THAT'S **RICH!**

IF ONLY
WE **HAD**
SUCH A
BOMB!

WE MUST
MAKE THESE
AMERICANS
BELIEVE IT!





THAT WAS CLOSE, SOMEBODY
IS AFRAID I'M ON THE **RIGHT**
TRACK!

BOOM!

I'M **ON** THEIR **TRAIL** ALL
RIGHT --

- BUT I **STILL** DON'T
UNDERSTAND **HOW** THAT
DEMONSTRATION CAN
BE FAKED!

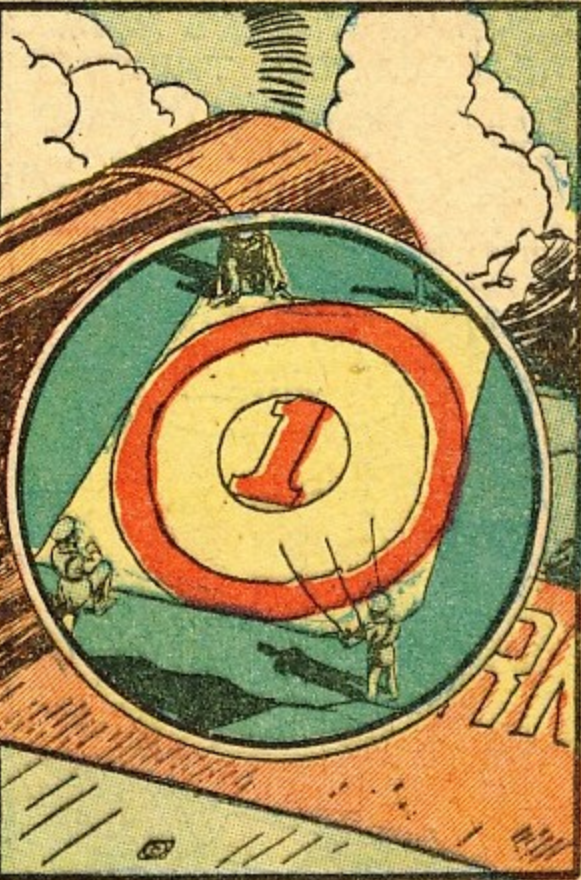
BACK IN WASHINGTON...

BYRD, WE JUST LEARNED
THAT THE ZORIAN DEMON-
STRATION OF THEIR BOMB
WILL BE ON THE **SHIPROCK**
DESERT, IN
NEW MEXICO!

I'M **ON** MY
WAY, SIR!

NEXT DAY, LUCKY FLIES
OVER SHIPROCK DESERT.

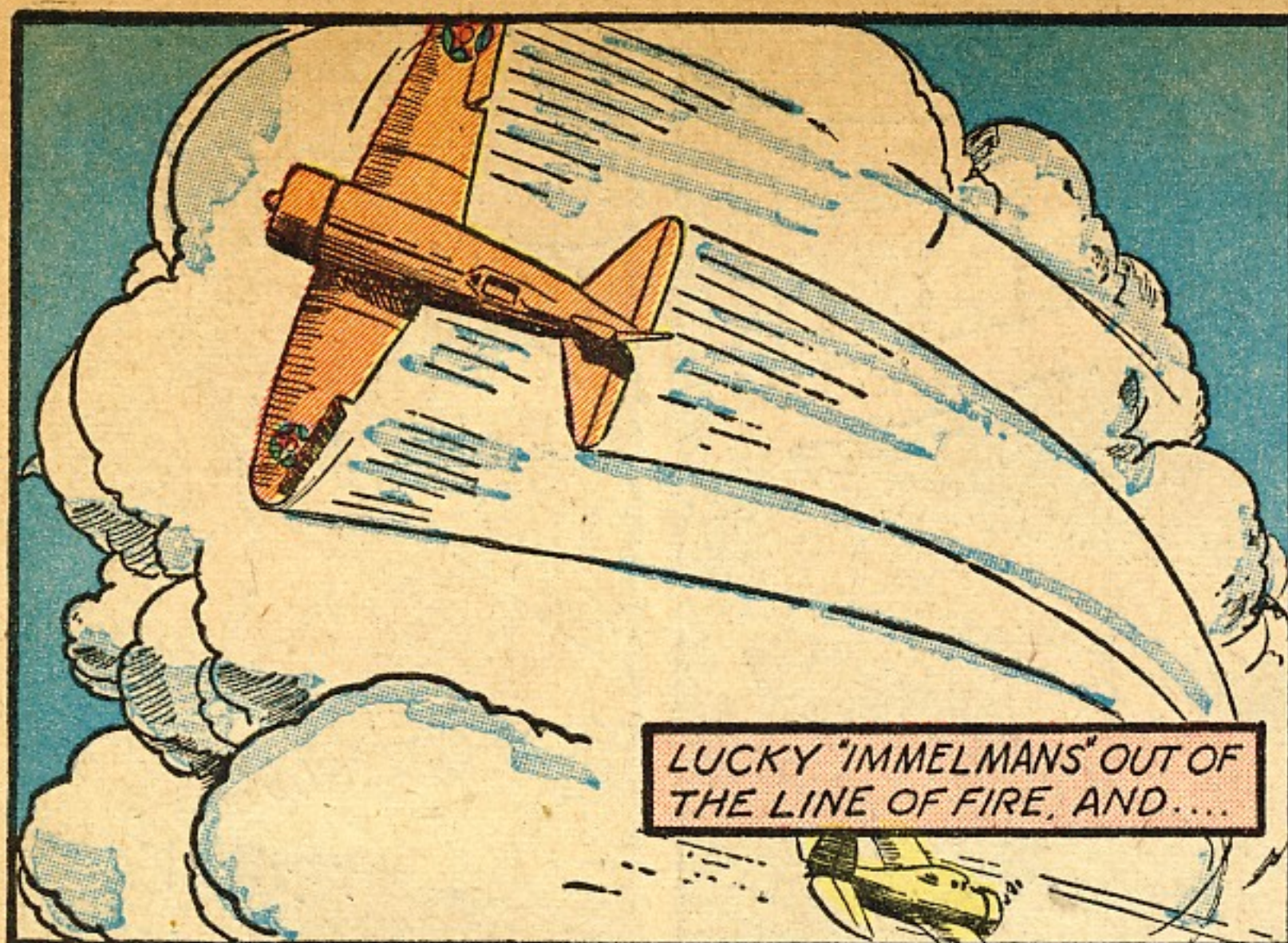
NOTHING SUSPICIOUS- SAY,
WHY ARE THEY
PUTTING OUT
NUMBERED
TARGETS?



BUT UNSEEN BY LUCKY, A
MYSTERIOUS SHIP FOLLOWS-

- AND FIRES
AT HIM.

HEY!



LUCKY 'IMMELMANS' OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE, AND....

.. OUT-DISTANCES HIS ENEMY.

HATE TO RUN AWAY FROM A FIGHT, BUT GETTING TO THE **BOTTOM OF THIS WEIRD MESS** IS **MORE IMPORTANT!**



COLONEL, THERE'S **SOME** TIE-IN BETWEEN THE **T.N.T.**, THE **NUMBERED TARGETS**, AND THE PHONEY ATOMIC **BOMBS** BUT-IT **ELUDES ME!**

BYRD, YOU HAVE **LESS THAN 24 HOURS** TO SOLVE THIS—



— BECAUSE THE ZORIAN'S SHOW IS SET FOR **NOON** TOMORROW. AND **UNLESS** WE **PROVE** IT'S A FAKE, THE NEWSPAPERS WILL **SCARE THE PANTS** OFF HALF OF AMERICA!

I'LL **HAVE TO** DO SOMETHING!



NOW, IF I WERE GOING TO **TRY TO PROVE** I HAD A **NON-EXISTENT SUPER-BOMB**, **HOW** WOULD I GO ABOUT IT? **HOLY SMOKE**, THAT MIGHT BE IT!



DRIVER! BOLLING FIELD - QUICK!



OVER SHIPROCK DESERT —

THERE'S A CAVE HIDDEN ON TOP OF THAT ROCKY MESA— AND HERE COMES THE ATTACK!



IT'S A **SHAME** TO SACRIFICE A GOOD SHIP LIKE THIS. **BUT—**



THIS DELAYED JUMP* **WILL CONVINCE 'EM MY 'CHUTE DIDN'T OPEN.** I'LL PULL THE RIP-CORD!



*A CHUTE JUMP WHERE THE CORD IS NOT PULLED AT ONCE.

THE MESA KEPT THEM FROM **SEEING** THE 'CHUTE OPEN.



THEY'LL BE **SURE** I WAS **KILLED**, SO THEY WON'T BE **LOOKING FOR ME-** WHILE I LOOK INTO THAT **TRICK CAVE!**



FOOTPRINTS! I'LL BET THAT PATH LEADS TO THE TOP OF THE MESA.



WOW! WHAT A **CLIMB!** I DON'T **SEE** ANYONE AROUND THE CAVE.



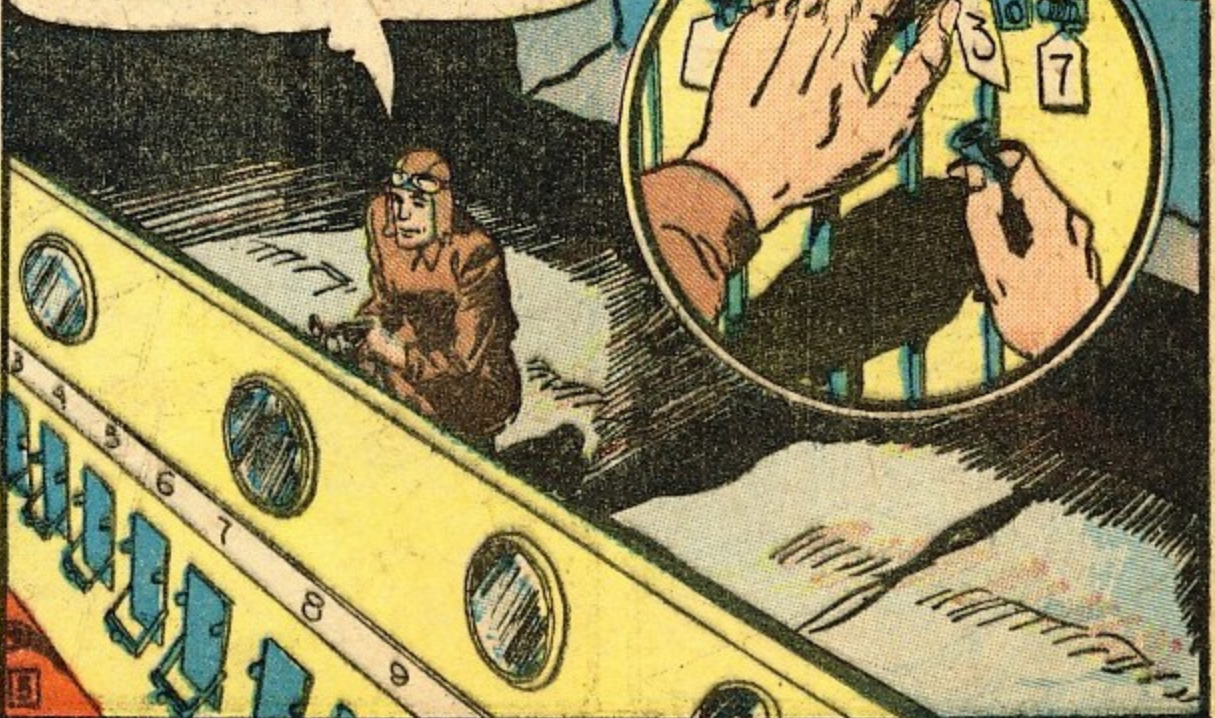
I **WAS** RIGHT **THERE'S** THE **SWITCHBOARD** AND THERE ARE THE **WINDOWS** OVERLOOKING THE **TARGETS!**



YES - THE **NUMBERS** ON THE **SWITCHES** CORRESPOND WITH THOSE ON THE **GROUND TARGETS!**

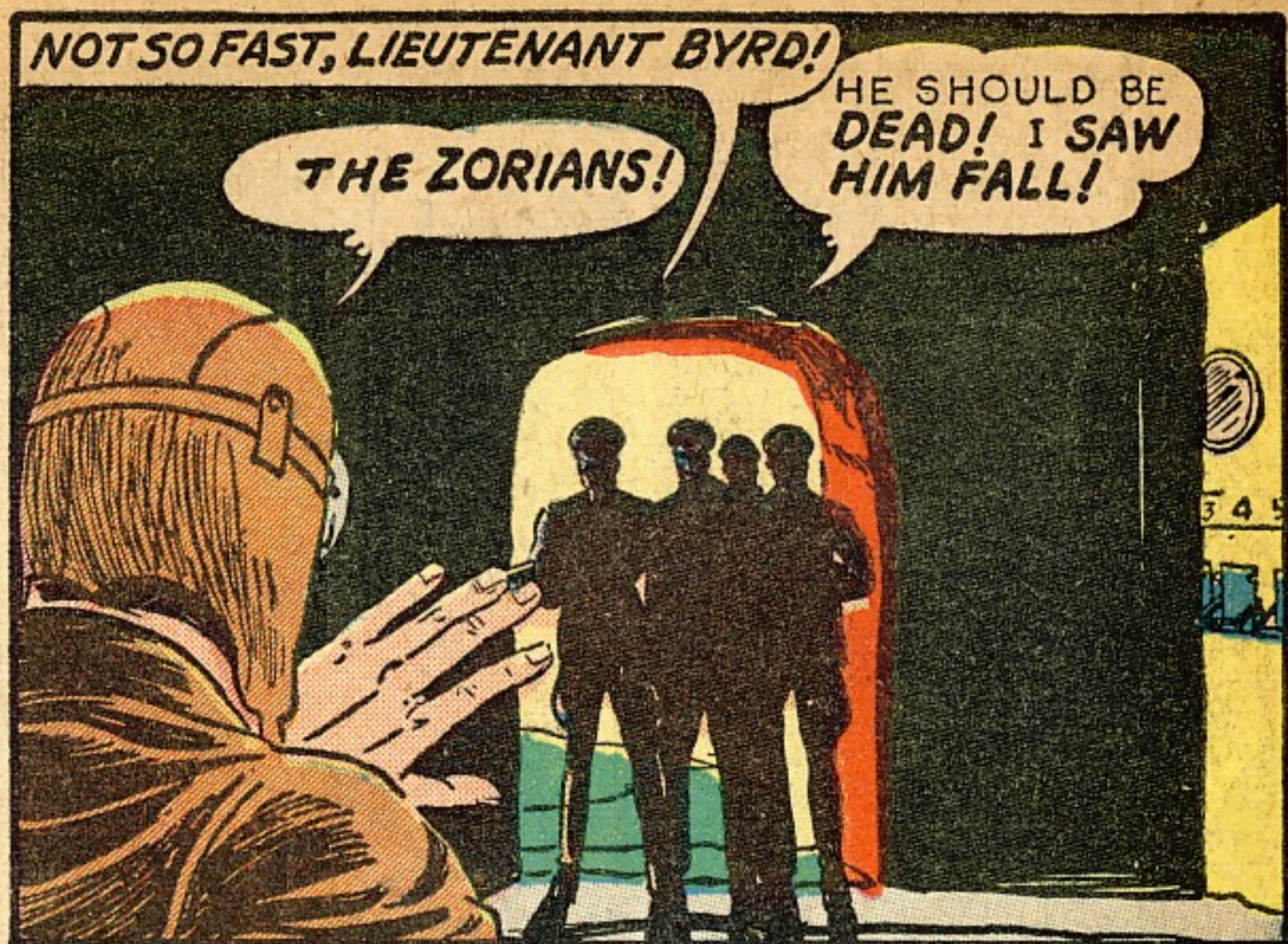


CHANGING THIS **WIRING** WILL MAKE **THEIR** DEMONSTRATION LOOK **AWFULLY SILLY - I HOPE!**





NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE!



NOT SO FAST, LIEUTENANT BYRD!

THE ZORIANS!

HE SHOULD BE DEAD! I SAW HIM FALL!

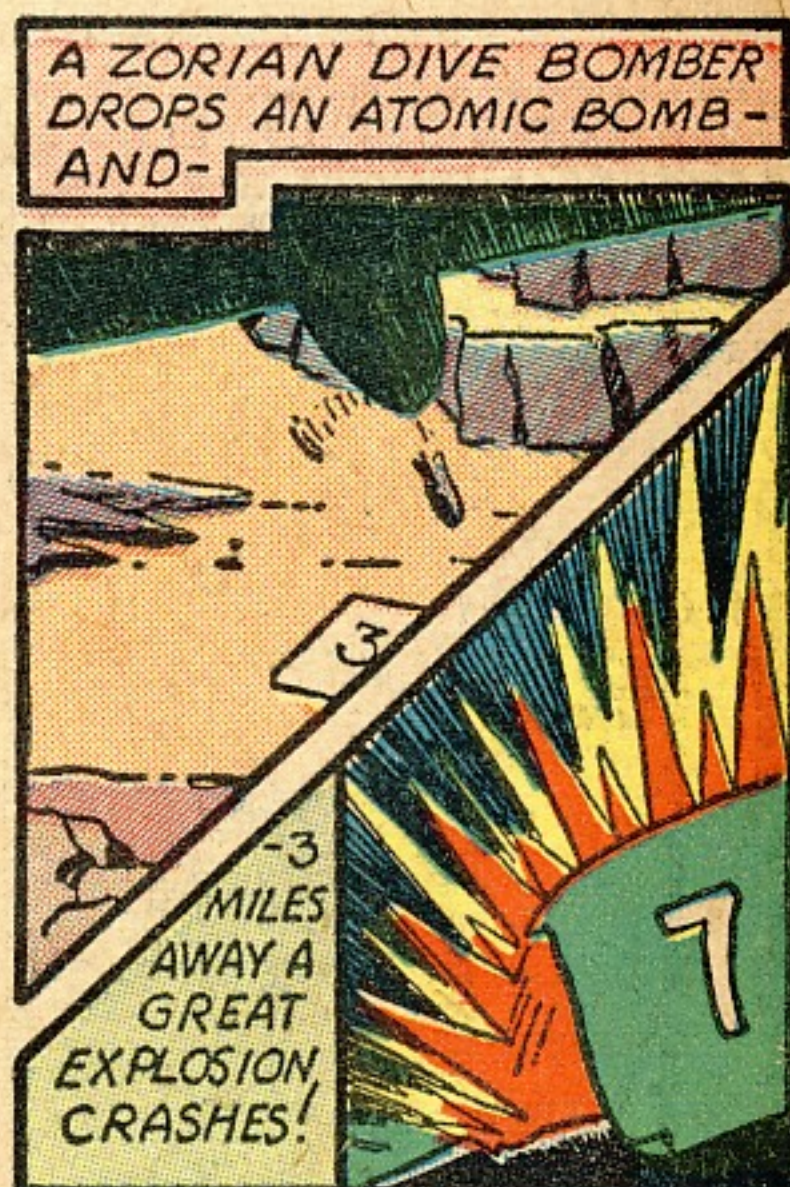


HASTILY BOUND, LUCKY HEARS THE ZORIAN PLANE ROAR OVER, TO DROP THE FIRST BOMB.



NOW, CARLOS. FIRE TARGET 3.

AT THE SWITCHBOARD, A CONTACT IS CLOSED -



A ZORIAN DIVE BOMBER DROPS AN ATOMIC BOMB - AND -

-3 MILES AWAY A GREAT EXPLOSION CRASHES!



CARLOS, THE WRONG TARGET BLEW UP! BE CAREFUL - HERE COMES OUR NEXT BOMBER - FIRE NUMBER 5 TARGET, NOW!



BUT AT NO.2 TARGET -

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! ANOTHER WRONG TARGET BLEW UP! WE'VE FAILED!



WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE AND BLOW UP THIS CAVE AND THE YANKEE FLYER. THE SWITCH IS AT TARGET 10! HURRY!

I'M GLAD THEY **DIDN'T** HAVE TIME TO DO A GOOD JOB OF **TYING ME UP**. I THINK I CAN GET LOOSE IN TIME.



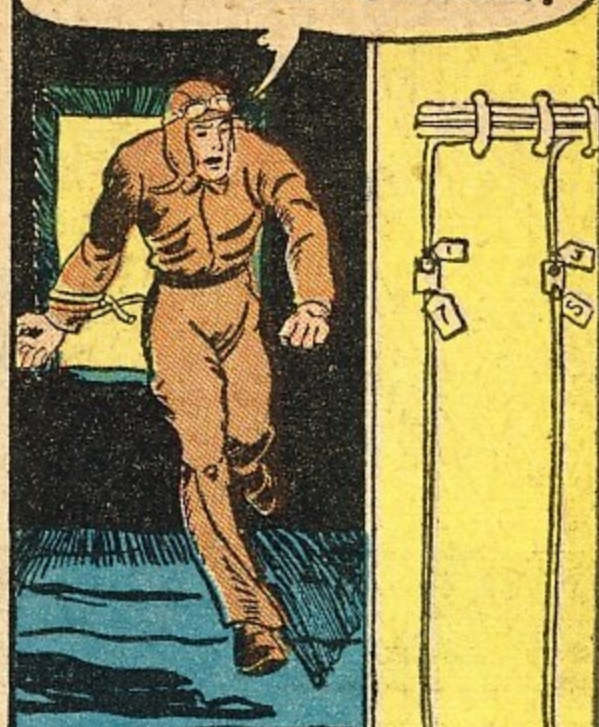
MEANWHILE, THE ZORIANS HAVE REACHED TARGET 10, WITH ITS SWITCH THAT WILL BLOW UP THE CAVE - AND LUCKY.

HERE COMES THE **BOMBER**.

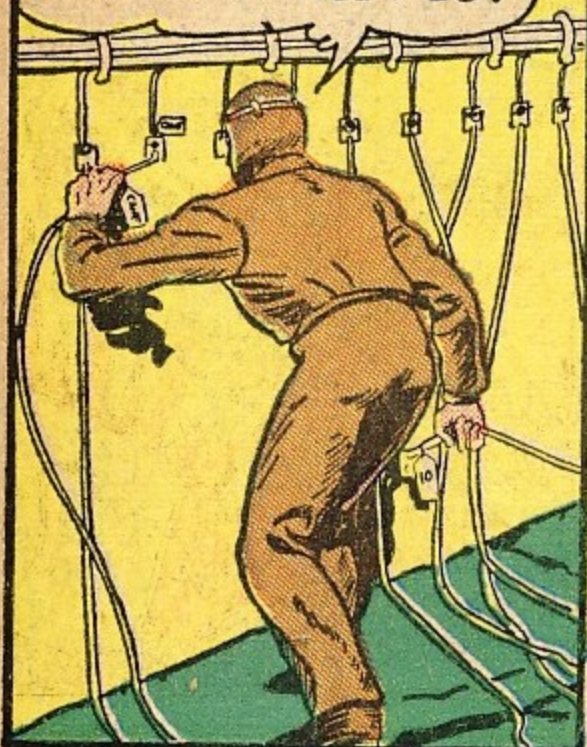


SIGNAL IT TO BOMB THE MESA!

THAT **BOMBER**! HOPE I HAVE TIME TO **CHANGE** THAT WIRING AGAIN!



AH! HERE'S ONE LABELED **CAVE**! NOW, TO SWITCH THAT TO **TARGET 10**!



CARLOS! THROW THE SWITCH!



A TON OF T.N.T. EXPLODES BENEATH TARGET 10...

SISSY STUFF!



... AND A SMALL BOMB IS DROPPED ON THE MESA.

IT WAS **SIMPLE**, COLONEL! THE ZORIANS PLANTED A TON OF T.N.T. UNDER EACH TARGET. AS THE PLANE DROPPED ITS SMALL BOMB, T.N.T. UNDER THAT **PARTICULAR TARGET** WAS TO BE FIRED BY **ELECTRICITY** FROM **HERE**!



LATER

-I **SHIFTED** THE WIRING SO THAT THE **WRONG TARGETS** BLEW UP - THAT WAS **ALL** THERE WAS TO IT!

YOU SURELY MADE THOSE ZORIANS LOOK SILLY!! AND, THE PAPERS DID THE REST!

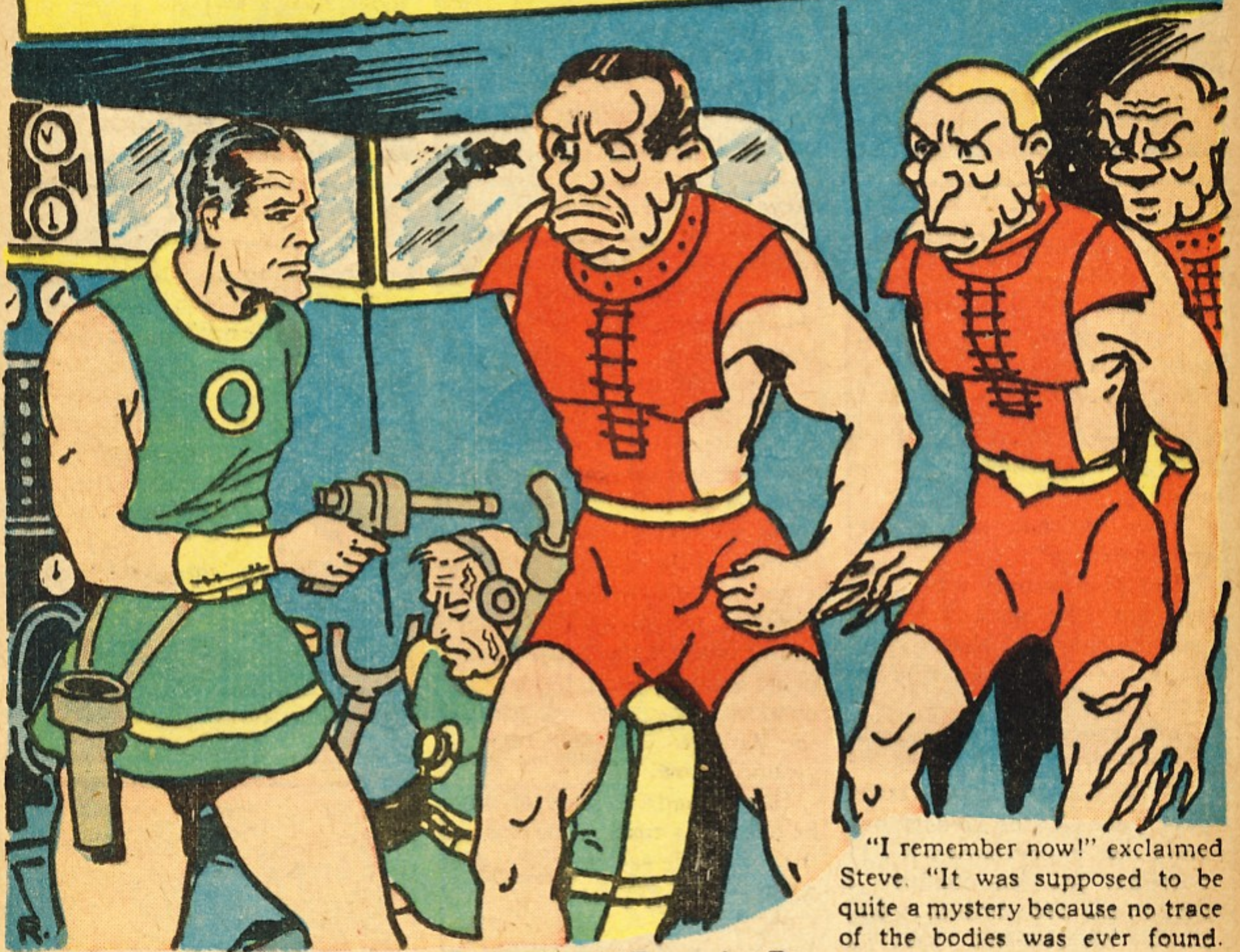


A NEW, THRILLING LUCKY BYRD STORY IN YOUR NEXT TARGET.

THE GHOST OF VENUS

by Bob Butts

"So you want to see the Ghost, do you? Well, that's just where we're goin', and I don't think it's gonna be very pleasant—for you!"



CHAPTER ONE Captured!

"STEVE, I'm going to send you and Nick to look for a man who's been dead five years!" Inspector Scott, head of Interspace Intelligence, looked up at Steve Raymond, space detective, and his assistant, Nick Bowman.

Sudden surprise leaped into Steve's gray eyes.

"I don't get it, Inspector. If this man has——"

Scott grinned. "Remember Dr. Kal-Ryn, the inventor?"

"Sure," said Nick. "He was working on what he called a Red-ray when he was killed in a blast."

"Well," said Inspector Scott, "that's the fellow you two are going to look for."

"Why?"

"Well, Kal-Ryn and his assistant, Nakek Jaru, were supposed to have died in a laboratory blast five years ago, and the secret of the Red-ray destroyed with them."

"I remember now!" exclaimed Steve. "It was supposed to be quite a mystery because no trace of the bodies was ever found. Inspector, do you think they weren't killed?"

"I'm not sure, Steve. That's why I want you to look into this thing. Lately, ships have been mysteriously vanishing in the bad-lands of Venus—cargo ships whose loads were valuable. Rumor says they were drawn to the ground by a magnetic ray."

"Great Jupiter!" put in Nick. "That's just what Kal-Ryn's Red-ray was—a powerful magnetic ray!"

"Exactly! Now here is my theory."

TWO hours later, having left Scott's Venus field office, Steve Raymond and Nick were roaring toward the bad-lands of Venus in their small rocket plane.

Already they were on the fringe of the bad-lands, a waste area covering half of Venus. Below them lay the stagnant marsh land that would later merge into a barren desert, baked yellow by the merciless sun, uninhabited even by snakes and lizards. Even now the temperature within the ship was rising—a hint of what was to come.

"We'll be there soon, Nick."

"And I can't say I'll be glad, Steve," grunted the sweating Nick. "I only hope we solve this one quick!"

"Me, too. Scott's theory is that Kal-Ryn and his assistant faked their deaths so they could use the Red-ray to their own advantage. Scott thinks Kal-Ryn is the Ghost of Venus. I don't know what to think. But if our little plan works, we'll soon know!"

"Yeah, if that ray doesn't blast us to bits!"

Their plan, simply was to use their own ship as bait to discover the source of this mysterious magnetic ray—and find the Ghost of Venus.

They were near the edge of the marshland now. Steve looked below. There was cover down there. If the raiders had their outfit in the open—

"Steve!" Nick said suddenly. "Somethin's wrong! Our power has gone screwy! I can't handle the ship any more!"

"You're right, Nick! It's the ray! We're falling—and fast!"

"Great Jupiter!" groaned Nick. "We're goin' to hit hard!"

The ship spun dizzily; swiftly the ground leaped up. Try as he would Steve could not handle the ship. He snapped off the motors.

"Fasten your belt, Nick, and hang on!" he shouted. "It won't be long now!"

The ground became a green blur, became closer each second.

Then suddenly the controls were loose, and the ship was responding to Steve's efforts. But the ground was close—too close! A wing-tip struck—crumpled with a rending crash! They were whirling madly, flung hard against their safety belts.

Then a bone-jarring crash and the breath left Steve's body. A sudden sharp blow, bright lights danced before his eyes! Then blackness . . .

STEVE came to with a nauseating pain in his head that made raising it a torture. Wincing, he looked about. Nick, slumped against his safety belt, was unconscious, an ugly gash in his head.

"Maybe—maybe—" gasped Steve. "Got to—"

Steve sat up, and his senses reeled. Dizzily, he held himself until the spell passed. Then, slowly, painfully, he crawled toward Nick.

"Nick! Nick! Can you hear?"

Abruptly Steve halted. Outside underbrush crackled; there was the unmistakable thud of footsteps running for the ship. "The raiders!" he thought, and looked wildly about. There was a gaping hole in the ship's hull opposite the door. The raiders would enter through the door—if it would open. Taking the chance, Steve tumbled through the hole to the wet, spongy ground below.

Barely had he done so when he heard the rasp of the door on the other side as it was wrenched open. Steve crouched, afraid to show himself for the moment, desperately seeking a plan of action.

A harsh guttural voice sounded:

"Ho-ho! There's only one here, and a runt at that! What a haul! The Ghost won't—"

"But there may be valuables about, Wulf," a high, thin voice said. "We better look."

Wulf! Wulf Rondo! Steve knew the name, and the cruel, flint-eyed human wolf it symbolized. Little green flames danced in Steve's eyes. If they touched Nick — With difficulty he held himself in check.

"Right, Piper," grunted Wulf. "But first we bump off this—"

"Wulf! Look! This wallet!" A third voice suddenly said. "This guy's an Interspace Intelligence man!"

"What?" Wulf Rondo's voice was a sudden roar. "Then I'm goin' to finish 'im right!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Wulf Rondo!"

Steve Raymond's taut voice and his ray-gun held the three men suddenly motionless. "Don't move, Wulf! I've got you!"

Wulf Rondo's eyes blazed in mad rage; his huge shoulders hunched. Piper, and the hawk-nosed Dirk, cringed, fear on their sallow faces.

"Wulf!" quavered Piper in his high voice. "He's got us—"

"Shut up!" snarled Wulf.

Nick stirred then. Steve's eyes darted to him, and in that instant Wulf Rondo leaped! Steve saw him coming. He side-stepped, but with a swipe of his mighty paw, Wulf knocked the ray-gun from Steve's hand! Wulf landed, and Steve hit him so hard pain shot up his arm to his shoulder.

But like a shaggy animal, Rondo shook off the blow and leaped forward. Steve swung again, missed and tripped! With a mighty bellow, Rondo leaped high and Steve barely rolled away from those crushing feet in time. Steve scrambled up—and for a moment held Wulf Rondo at bay. But he was weakened by the crash — soon he would—

"Wulf! Stop!"

Dirk's bellow suddenly halted the fight, and Steve's shoulders slumped. Piper held a gun to Nick's temple. His voice was gloating.

"Surrender, space-dick, before your pal gets it!"

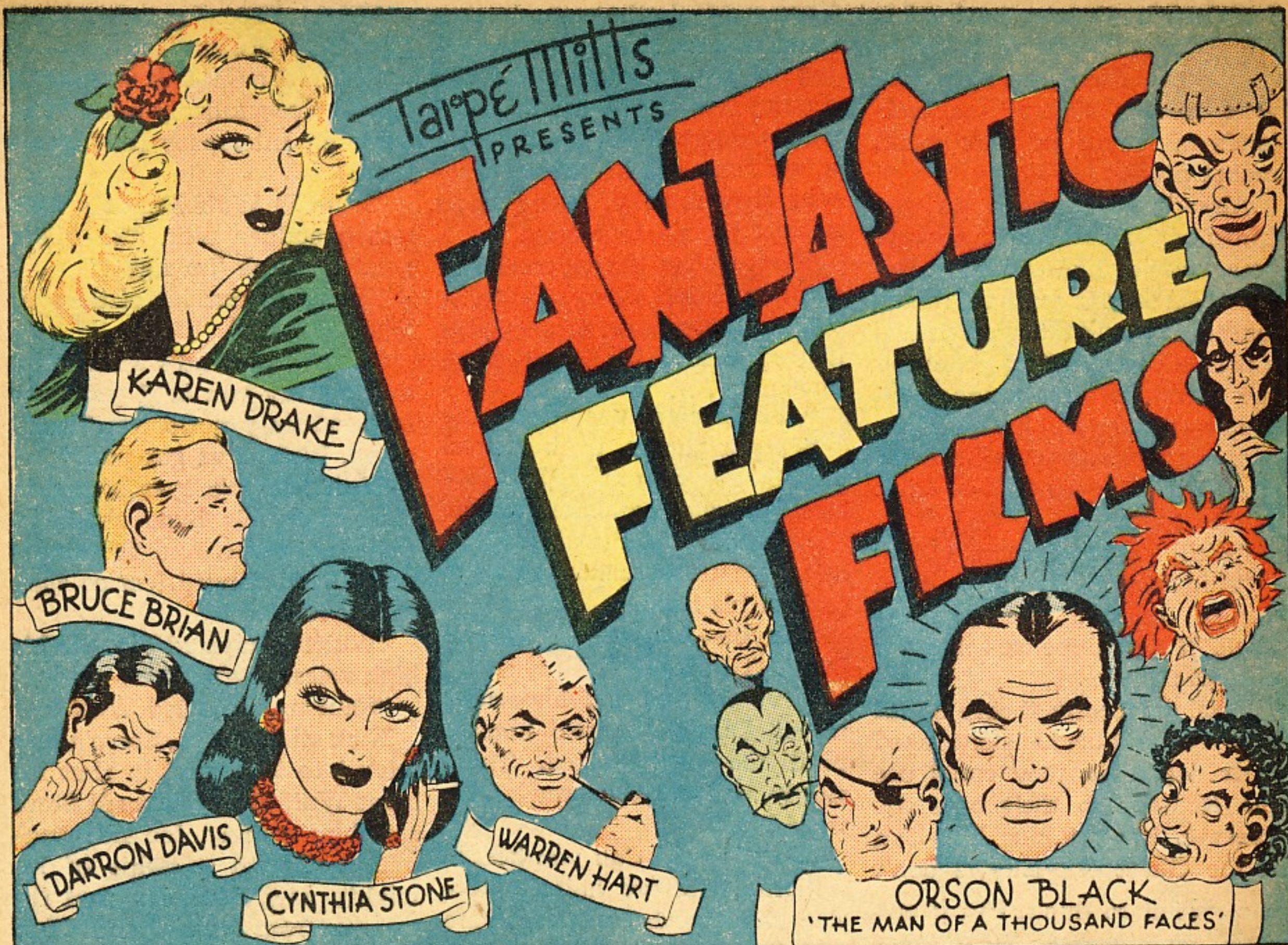
"Nice work, Piper!"

Rondo laughed cruelly. He whirled on Steve.

"Well, mister, we're goin' to see the Ghost! And I don't think it's goin' to be very pleasant—fer you!"

Who is the Ghost of Venus?

Continued next month.



Now Showing
Darron Davis
in

BOOMERANG

with
KAREN DRAKE and BRUCE BRIAN

A Fantastic Feature Film in Color

Cast

ROLAND WILSON	Darron Davis
JOAN CHALMERS	Karen Drake
TED CARSTAIRS	Bruce Brian
JAMES HOLDEN	Warren Hart
DR. RANDOLPH	Orson Black



LOVE and death—the two greatest dramatic forces in man's existence. It is of these two forces which our story is concerned. Let us look first into the apartment of the one whose devastating charm motivates this tragic tale—the one whose life was but a pawn on the chessboard of Fate

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY TED? ... WHAT ABOUT ME?

BUT, ROLAND--I LOVE HIM! PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY!







AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AROUND JOAN! UNDERSTAND?

YOU'LL REGRET THIS! YOU--



YOU HAVEN'T THE COURAGE TO MAKE ME REGRET ANYTHING!

NO??--YOU'LL SEE!



WAITING IN THE LOBBY OF THE SAME APARTMENT HOUSE... ROLAND FUMES IN RAGE...

SO I HAVEN'T THE COURAGE, WELL-- HAH! JAMES HOLDEN! JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!



BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, JIM! HOW ABOUT MAKING THAT BRIDGE GAME FOR TONIGHT?

SUITS ME, ROLAND. SHALL I ASK TED?



NO! I'VE ALREADY ROUNDED UP A COUPLE OF HANDS AT THE CLUB!

OKAY... SEE YOU UPSTAIRS AT EIGHT!



TAXI, MR. WILSON?

HMM, NOW PART OF MY PLAN IS STARTED!



WE'LL SEE WHO HAS THE COURAGE!

AVENUE CLUB, DRIVER!

YES, SIR!

THAT NIGHT... AT HOLDEN'S APARTMENT...

I'M LUCKY IN DRAWING YOU FOR A PARTNER, DR. RANDOLPH.

I'M GLAD SOMEONE DOESN'T OBJECT TO MY SLOW PLAY OF HAND, ROLAND!



I HAVE A HEADACHE, JIM, I'LL RAID YOUR CABINET FOR AN ASPIRIN AS LONG AS I'M DUMMY!

SURE... GO AHEAD, ROLAND.



FOOLS! WHY DO THEY THINK I WANTED DOC FOR A PARTNER? I'VE PLENTY OF TIME TO WORK NOW!



TED'S APARTMENT IS AROUND THIS CORNER!



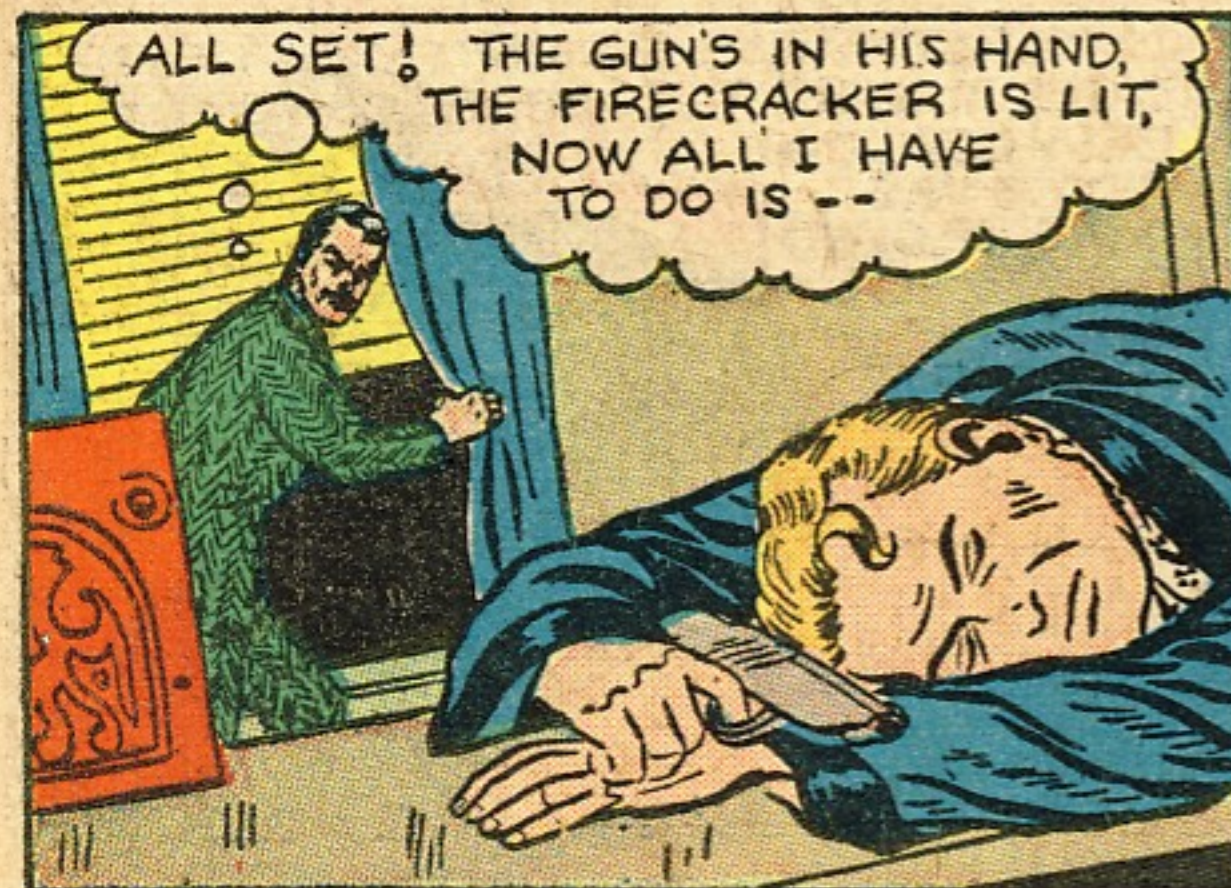
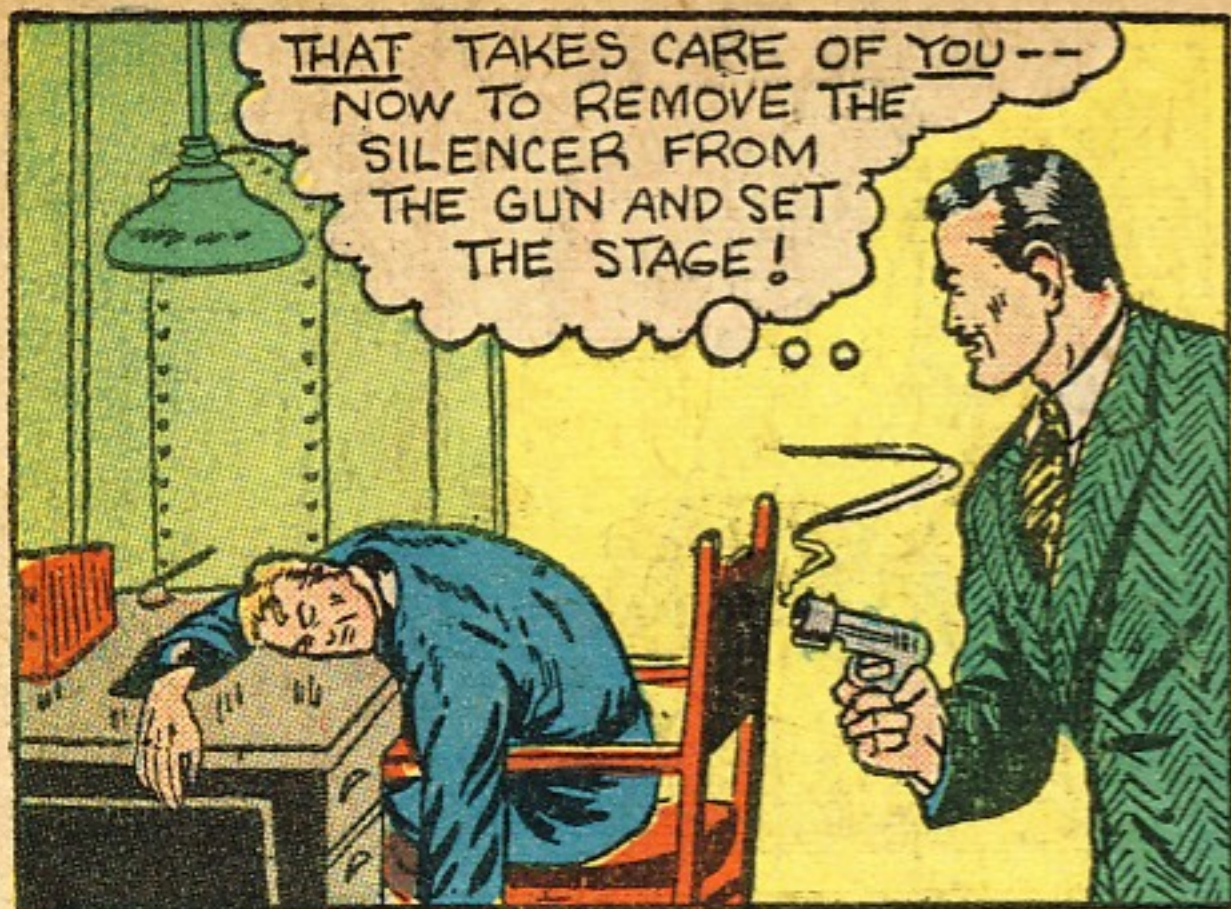
HE'S HOME... AS I EXPECTED! HE ALWAYS WORKS LATE ON THURSDAYS!

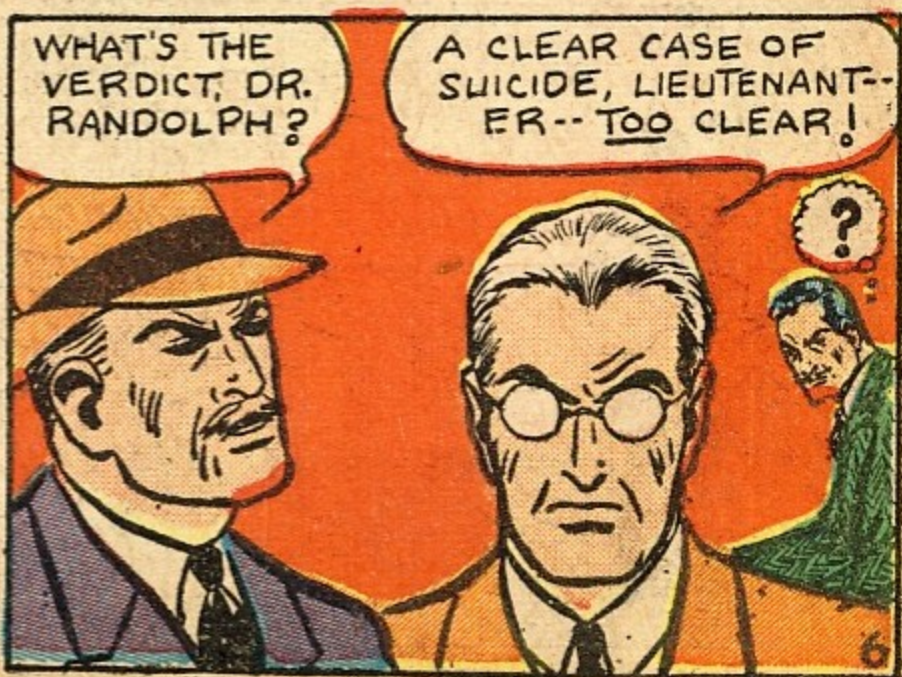


GOOD THING HE HAS THE RADIO GOING -- HE WON'T HEAR ME!



CREEPING SOUNDLESSLY ACROSS THE ROOM, WILSON RAISES HIS GUN...







The Chameleon

By Bob Davis



YES, SLIM—?
WHY, LUKE KALE!
... WHEN DID
YOU LAND?

HELLO, Chameleon.
I GOT TO HURRY... I
BEEN —

THIS MUG SAYS
HE KNOWS YOU
WELL, BOSS.

SUDDENLY THE SAILOR-MAN
FALLS TO THE FLOOR...

—I BEEN
SHOT—!



BECAUSE OF HIS UNORTHODOX METHODS OF CRIME-DETECTION,
THE Chameleon—GENIUS OF DISGUISE—IS OFTEN AS MUCH
UNDER THE SUSPICION OF THE POLICE AS THE CRIMINALS HE
PLAGUES.... SCENE: THE Chameleon'S STUDY: NIGHT....

WOW! DEAD! WHO
THE HECK IS HE, BOSS?

AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE—
A SAILOR—AN ADVENTURER...
I WONDER WHAT'S IN—



ABRUPTLY THERE IS
AN INTERRUPTION
AT THE DOOR....

PARDON ME....
PLEASE PUT YOUR
HANDS UP!



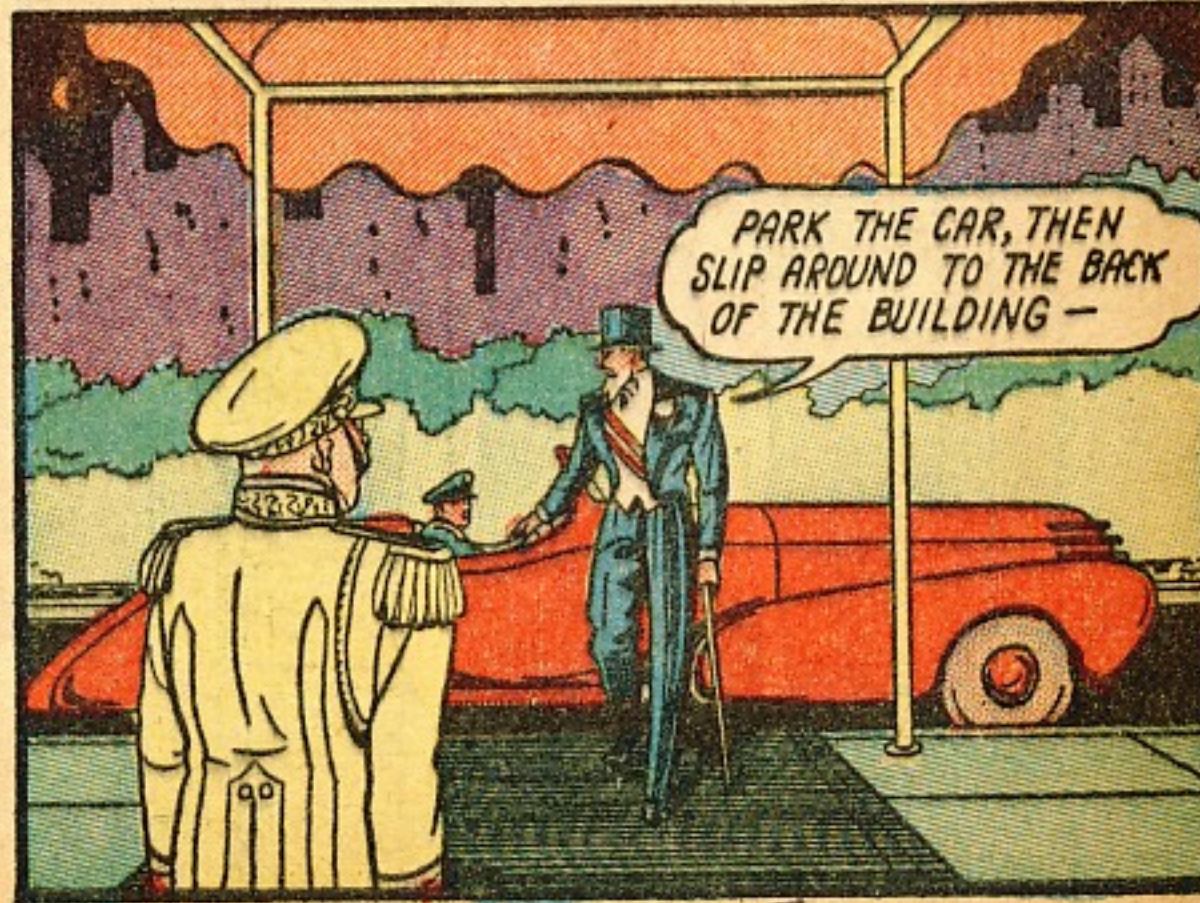
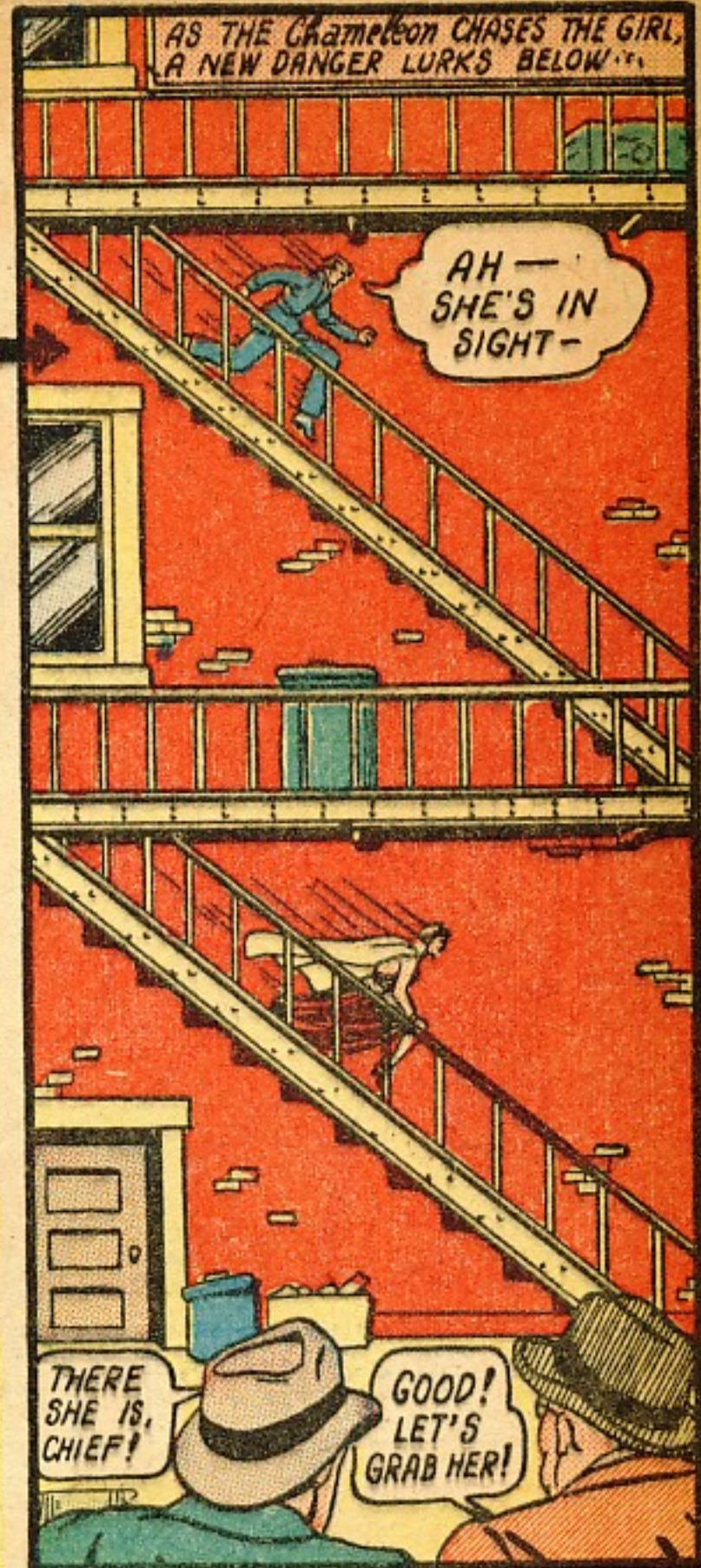
I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT
PACKAGE, MR. Chameleon—QUICKLY
PLEASE! I'M IN A HURRY!

BOY—! SHE MEANS
BUSINESS!

WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT—

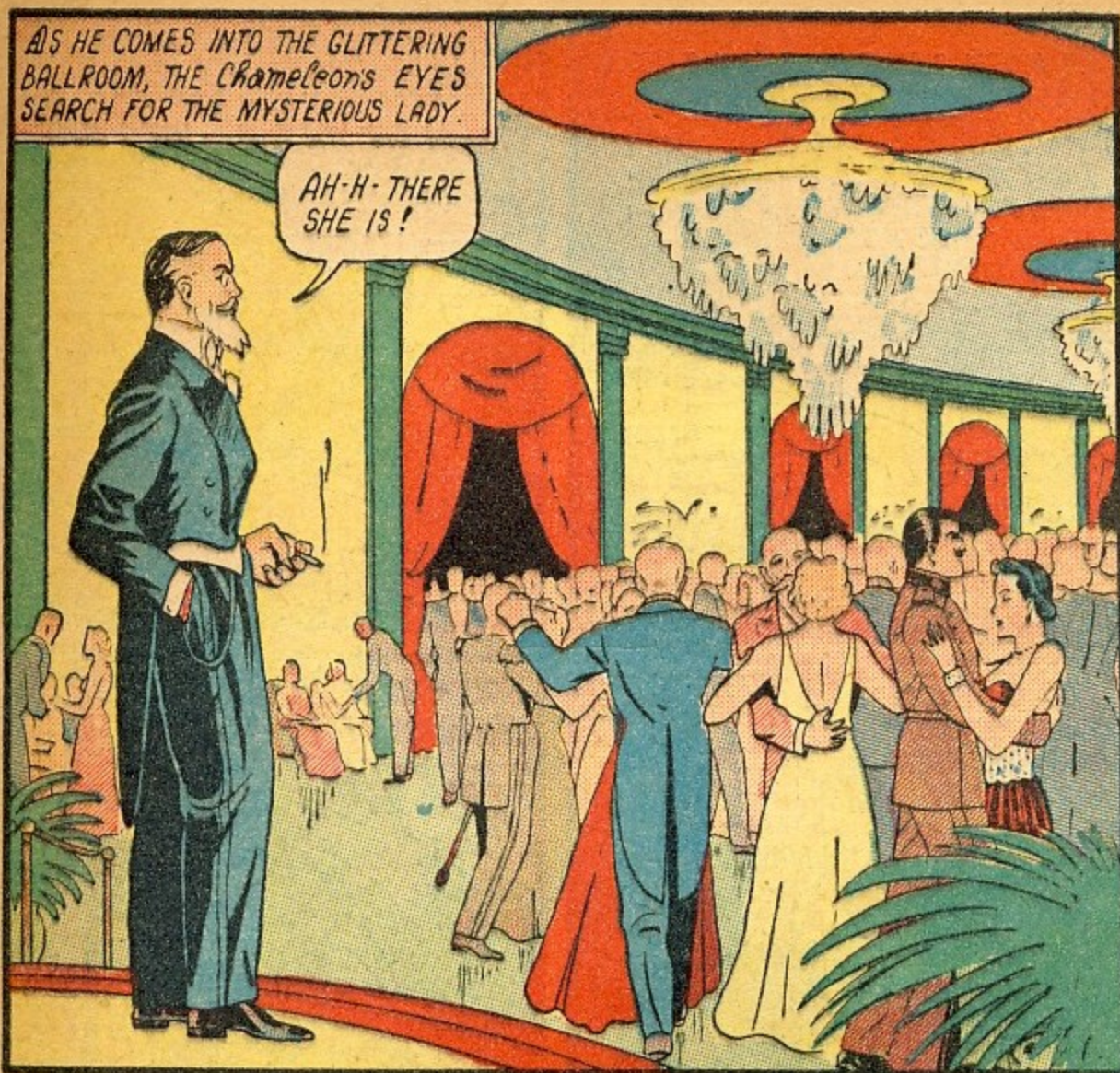


AS THE GIRL ENTERS THE ROOM,
A CARD, UNNOTICED BY HER,
FALLS FROM HER HAND-BAG....



AS HE COMES INTO THE GLITTERING BALLROOM, THE Chameleons' EYES SEARCH FOR THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

AH-H- THERE SHE IS!



QUICKLY, HE MOVES OVER TO HER....

SIR!

PARDON ME - I'M CUTTING IN!



YOU ARE VERY BRAZEN... WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN, SIR!

IN JUST A MOMENT -



HE WALTZES HER SMOOTHLY OUT ONTO A BALCONY....

OH-H-! WHAT—

SLIM! COMING OVER—! QUICK!



CAUGHT YA, BABY!



HOLD HER, SLIM!



TEARING OFF HIS FANCY BEARD, THE Chameleon LEAPS TO THE GROUND.

YOU-! THE Chameleon!!

THAT'S RIGHT!... AND NOW, YOU ARE GOING TO DO SOME TALKING! - OR ELSE!



HEAD FOR THE CAR, SLIM!

WELL, MY COUNTRY IS ONE OF THOSE RECENTLY CONQUERED IN EUROPE... WE ARE TRYING TO RAISE MONEY FOR A COUNTER MOVEMENT AMONG SYMPATHIZERS HERE IN AMERICA. BUT IT IS VERY DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS - BECAUSE OF THE INVADER'S SPIES - ABROAD AND HERE... WE MUST USE GREAT SECRECY....

YES - GO ON!



THAT BUNDLE CONTAINED JEWELS—FAMILY HEIRLOOMS—THAT WERE SMUGGLED OUT AND SENT TO US TO HELP THE CAUSE.... LUKE KALE—A SYMPATHIZER—AGREED TO SMUGGLE THEM IN TO US. AND WE WERE TO MEET AT YOUR APARTMENT. HE SAID YOU WERE A FRIEND.

THEN WHY DID YOU COME BARGING IN THERE WITH A GUN?



WHEN I CAME IN, I SAW THAT LUKE KALE HAD BEEN SHOT! I THOUGHT YOU —

I GET IT...WELL, YOU WERE WRONG. I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM. WHO WERE THE MEN IN THE COURTYARD? SPIES?



NO. THEY ARE A RING OF JEWEL THIEVES, LED BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR CARIO. THEY MUST HAVE SHOT KALE AS HE CAME OFF THE SHIP.... BUT I MUST RETURN TO YOUR APARTMENT BUILDING AND GET THAT BUNDLE! —IF I MAY?

GET IT? I THOUGHT YOU DID!



NO. WHEN I SAW THE MEN BELOW ME — AND KNEW YOU WERE CHASING ME — I DROPPED IT INTO A TRASH-BOX ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE!

I HOPE IT'S STILL THERE!

ARRIVING AT THE Chameleon's APARTMENT HOUSE, THEY CIRCLE THE BUILDING TO THE REAR.



IT'S GONE—! CARIO'S MEN MUST HAVE COME BACK AND FOUND IT!

I PUT IT RIGHT IN THERE —

WELL—LISTEN!



HALT—THERE, Chameleon!

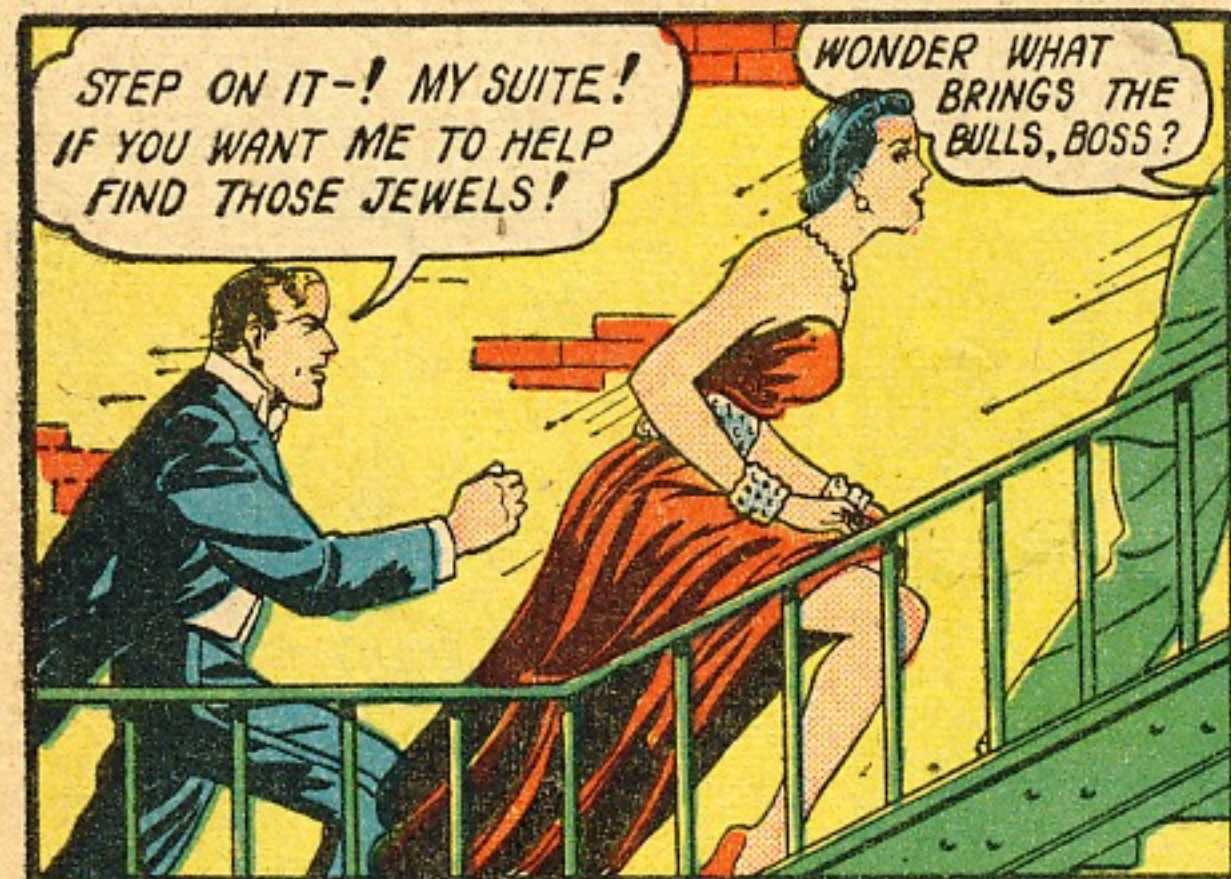
THE COPS! —RUN!

WE SEE YA!



STEP ON IT—! MY SUITE! IF YOU WANT ME TO HELP FIND THOSE JEWELS!

WONDER WHAT BRINGS THE BULLS, BOSS?



INSPECTOR PARKS—!

GOT YOU THIS TIME — AND FOR MURDER! GRAB 'EM, BOYS!

AS THEY COME INTO THE Chameleon's SUITE —



YOUR VICTIM, THE SAILOR, DRIPPED A LOT OF BLOOD AROUND, AND THE MANAGER PHONED US! IMAGINE MY SURPRISE FINDING THE STIFF IN YOUR SUITE, Chameleon!

I DIDN'T KILL THAT MAN, PARKS...HE—

FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, THE Chameleon SPOTS THE GIRL DRAWING A GUN FROM HER BELT....

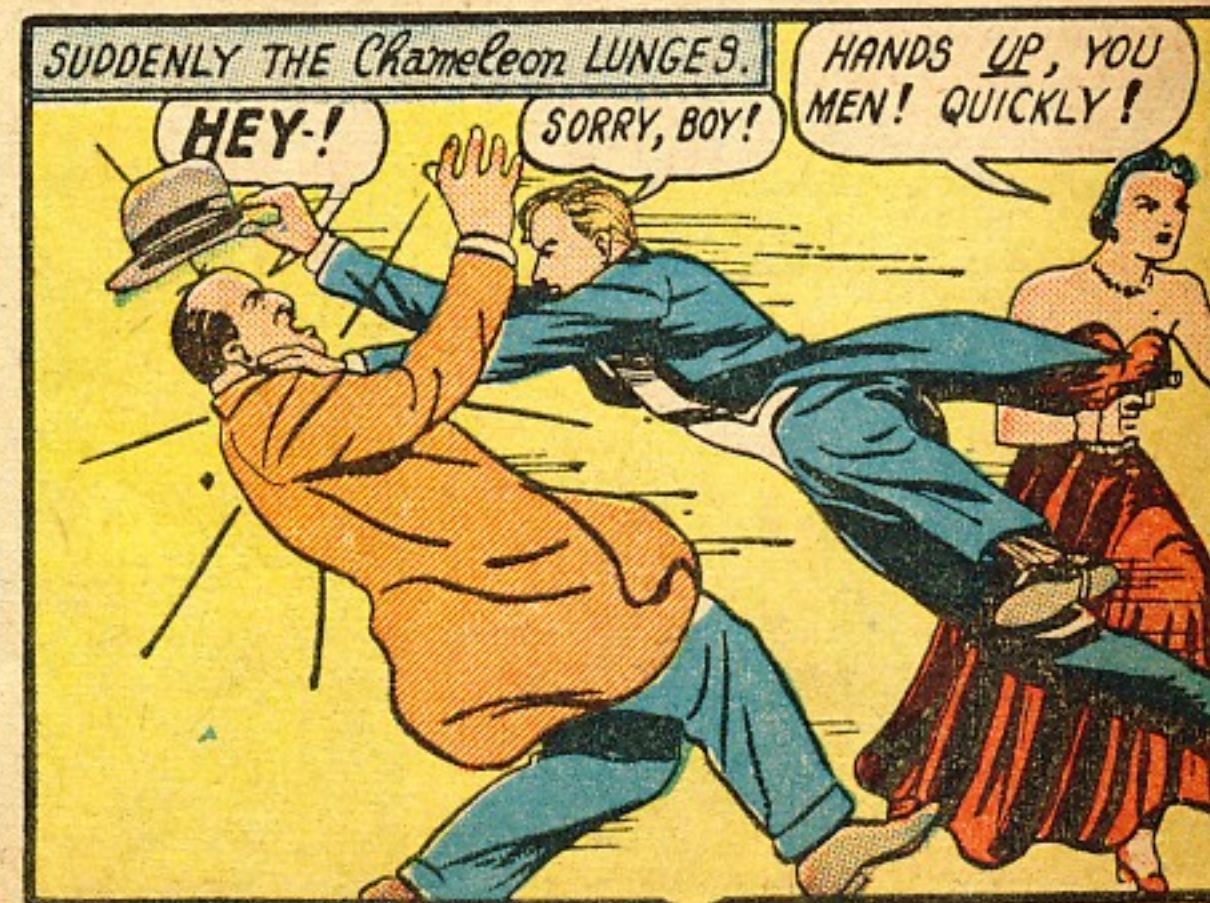


SUDDENLY THE Chameleon LUNGES.

HEY—!

SORRY, BOY!

HANDS UP, YOU MEN! QUICKLY!



QUICKLY,
CHANGING TO
PARKS, THE
Chameleon
STEPS BACK
TO THE
WINDOW-TO
FACE THE
POLICE
OUTSIDE....

GET BACK-YOU
FOOLS! GET BACK
DOWN THERE-THERE'S
MORE DOWN THERE!

OKAY-BEAT IT-FRONT WAY!
.... WHAT ARE OUR CHANCES
OF FINDING THIS PROFESSOR
CARIO? ANY?

ONLY ONE.... NEAR-OR IN THE
COMPANY OF-THE MAN WHO IS
GOING TO BUY THE JEWELS!

WHO IS THAT?

A BARON BONSAI. A VERY WEALTHY
AND SOMEWHAT UNSCRUPULOUS
GENTLEMAN-WHO CAN PAY THE
PRICE-AND WHO DOESN'T CARE
TO WHOM HE PAYS IT. BUT
WE'RE PROBABLY TOO LATE, NOW.

WHERE IS THIS GUY?

ON A YACHT, ANCHORED UP THE
RIVER ABOUT TEN MILES FROM
THE CITY.... BUT CARIO MUST BE
ALMOST THERE NOW!

HOP ON IT, SLIM!
TO THE LAUNCH!

THIS BOAT WILL
MAKE IT FASTER
THAN ANY HE CAN
HIRE!

AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF FAST RIDING

THERE ARE LIGHTS AHEAD!
AND ANOTHER LAUNCH!

GOOD! STEP
ON IT!

HEY-! STAND
OFF THERE!

THERE THEY
ARE!

GIVE ME ONE OF
THOSE POLICE GATS-
QUICKLY!

COMING ALONGSIDE
THEY LEAP INTO
ACTION

DON'T SHOOT! IT'LL DRAW
A POLICE BOAT!
CLUB 'EM!

AT 'EM, SLIM!

LET ME UP!- I
CAN FIGHT, TOO!

RATS!

MEANWHILE-
ON THE DECK OF
THE YACHT....

-RATHER ROUGH, BARON.
SHALL WE INTERFERE?

HEAVENS, NO.
... LET THEM FIGHT
IT OUT. IT IS QUITE
AMUSING....THE GIRL
SHOWS ADMIRABLE
FIRE -



NO-NO-!

THERE YOU ARE—
YOU FAT JACKAL-
CARIO!...GIMME
THAT BUNDLE!

OH, BOY—AM I GONNA
SPATTER YOU!!

AWK-K-K!

OUCH!

THE Chameleon PLOWS
UP THE GANGWAY AFTER
PROFESSOR CARIO



C'MON UP, MISS....
OKAY, BOSS—WE'RE
SET!!

NICE GOING, SLIM! I'VE
GOT THE JEWELS!

ROBBERY!



GOOD EVENING, MISS DE LAISE....
MY CONGRATULATIONS.... NOW,
IF YOU'D CARE TO COME INTO
THE SALON, WE CAN TALK
MONEY....

THEY'RE MINE! I HAD
'EM! I BROUGHT 'EM HERE!
YOU SHOULD PAY ME, BARON!

THANK YOU, BARON.

QUIET,
YOU!



IN THE CABIN—
BUT, BARON—I
PROTEST! I—

MY CODE, MY DEAR
FELLOW, IS THAT
POSSESSION IS NINE
POINTS OF THE
LAW....



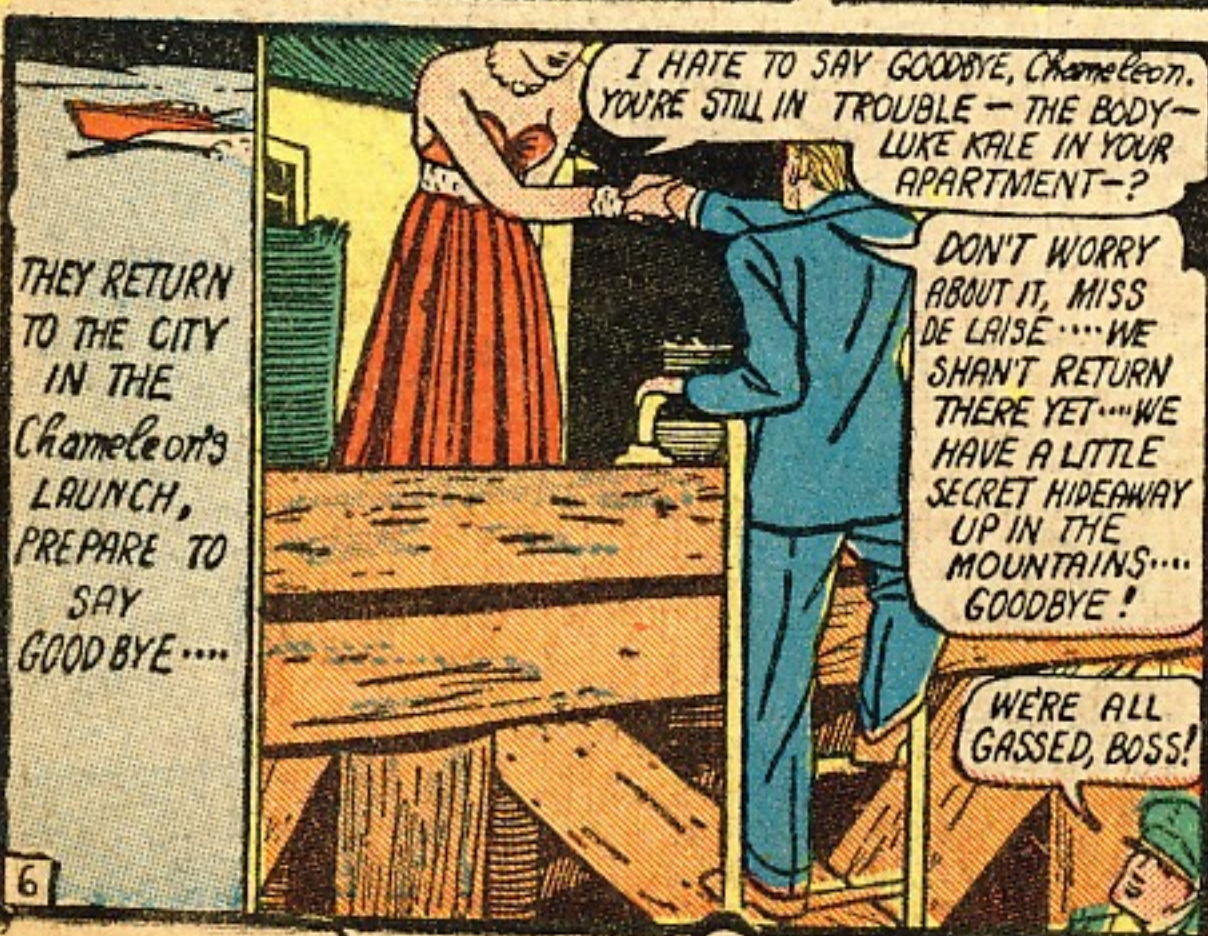
AND SINCE YOU POSSESS
THE JEWELS, MY DEAR, I
AM MOST HAPPY TO PAY
YOU FOR THEM.... HERE
YOU ARE—AND GOOD LUCK
TO YOUR
CAUSE!

THANK YOU,
BARON.... AND
HERE ARE
THE JEWELS!



HEY! BY THE WAY, BARON, WOULD YOU
MIND HOLDING THIS CHUBBY BEAST
FOR THE POLICE? I'LL SEND THEM....
AND GIVE THEM CARIO'S GUN! I
THINK THE BALLISTICS WILL CLEAR
UP A LITTLE MURDER....

GLAD TO,
OLD CHAP!

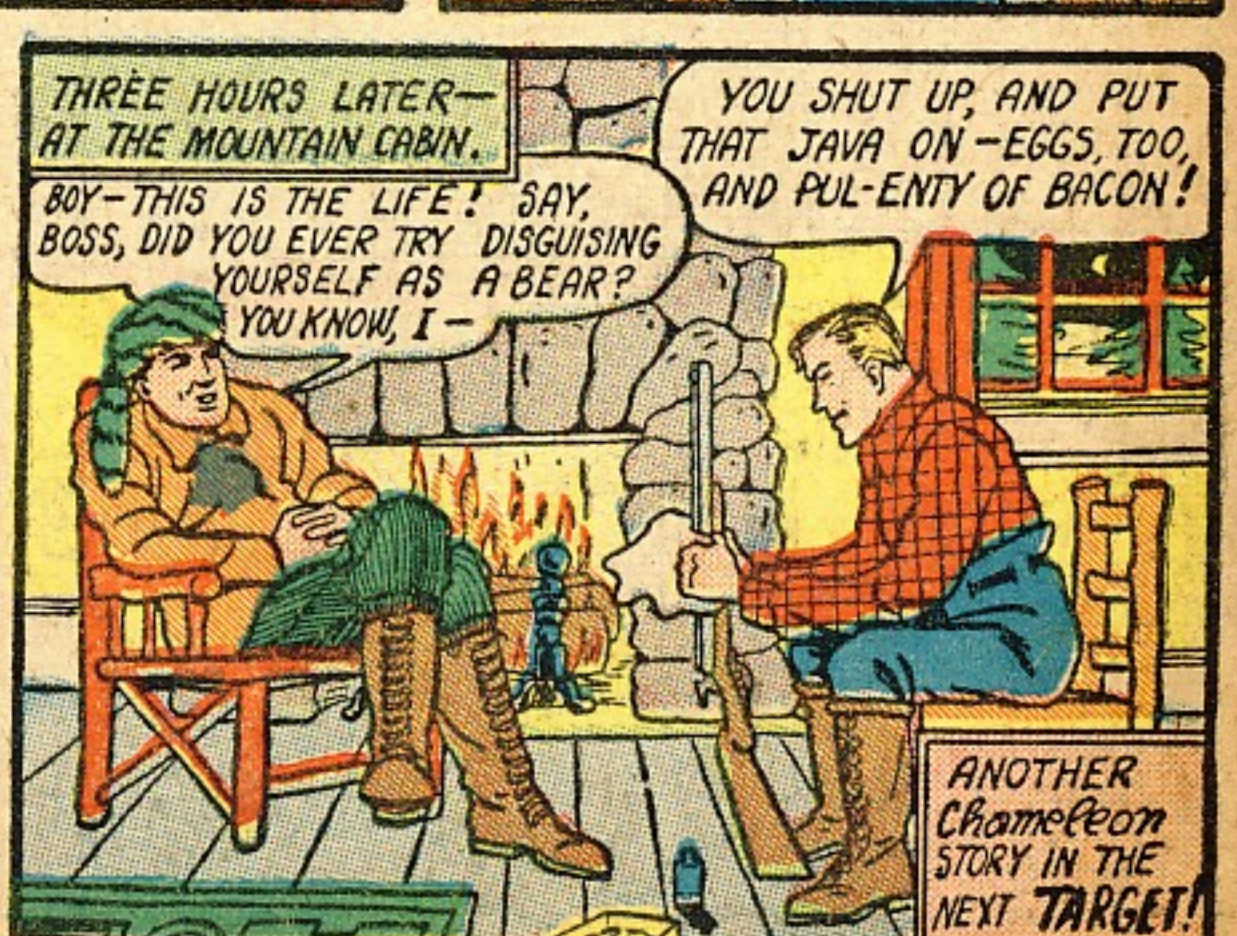


THEY RETURN
TO THE CITY
IN THE
Chameleon's
LAUNCH,
PREPARE TO
SAY
GOOD BYE....

I HATE TO SAY GOODBYE, Chameleon.
YOU'RE STILL IN TROUBLE—THE BODY-
LIKE KALE IN YOUR APARTMENT—?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT, MISS
DE LAISE.... WE
SHAN'T RETURN
THERE YET.... WE
HAVE A LITTLE
SECRET HIDEAWAY
UP IN THE
MOUNTAINS....
GOODBYE!

WE'RE ALL
GASSED, BOSS!



THREE HOURS LATER—
AT THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

BOY—THIS IS THE LIFE! SAY,
BOSS, DID YOU EVER TRY DISGUIISING
YOURSELF AS A BEAR?
YOU KNOW, I—

YOU SHUT UP, AND PUT
THAT JAVA ON—EGGS, TOO,
AND PUL-ENTY OF BACON!

ANOTHER
Chameleon
STORY IN THE
NEXT TARGET!

CALLING

RANGE RIDERS OF TODAY'S FRONTIER

by ALONZO VINCENT.

CALLING
2-R



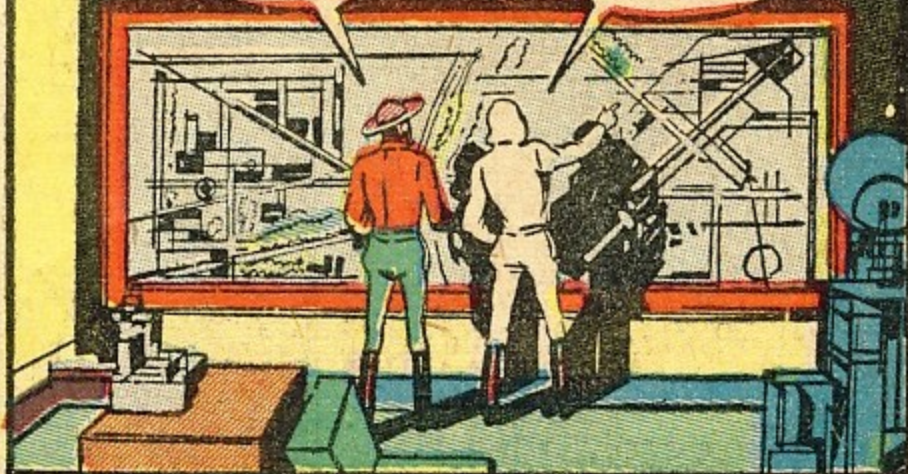
BOYSTATE...CREATION OF THE SKIPPER...A PHILANTHROPIC SCIENTIST...IS THE MECCA OF HOMELESS BOYS. THROUGH HIS BENEVOLENCE AND SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS...CHIEF OF WHICH HAS BEEN HIS DEVELOPMENT AND USE OF THE COSMIC RAY, THE SKIPPER HAS ATTRACTED WORLD-WIDE ATTENTION TO BOYSTATE...HENCE, THE VALUE OF THE SKIPPER'S SECRETS HAS MORE THAN ONCE TEMPTED SINISTER FORCES TO ACQUIRE THEM.

THIS IS M-4 CALLING THE SKIPPER... I AM FLYING OVER A VERY STRANGE UNDERGROUND CONSTRUCTION - WHICH I DON'T HAVE ANY RECORD OF!



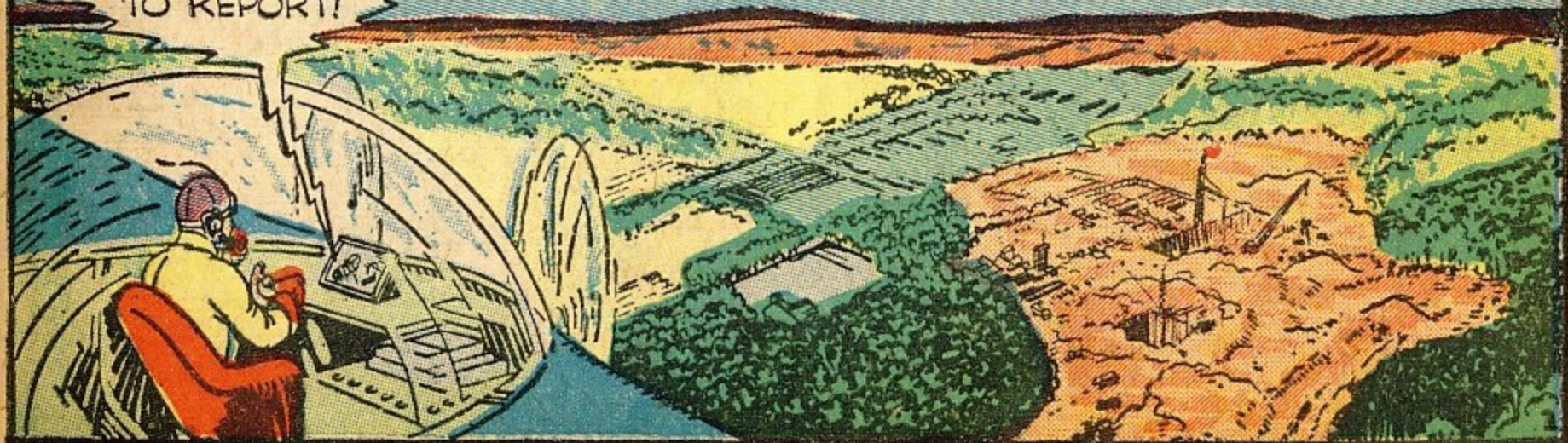
THAT'S RIGHT
NEAR THE
OLD "Z"
PLACE!

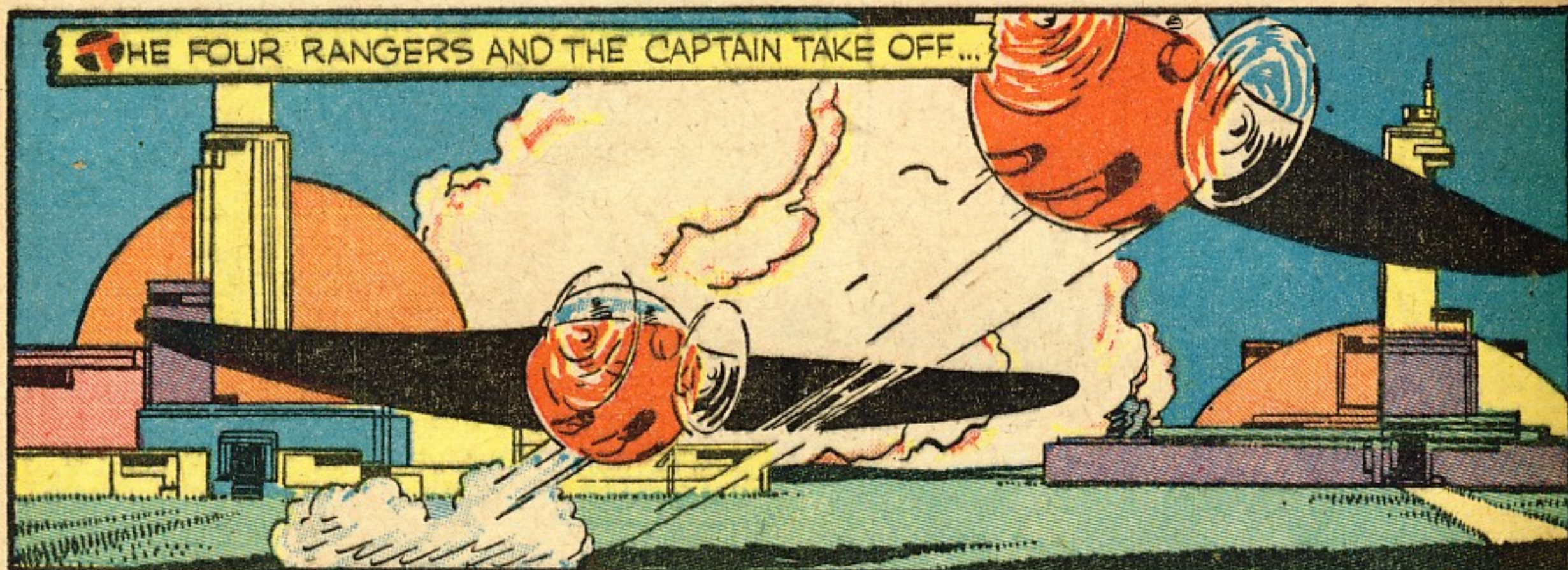
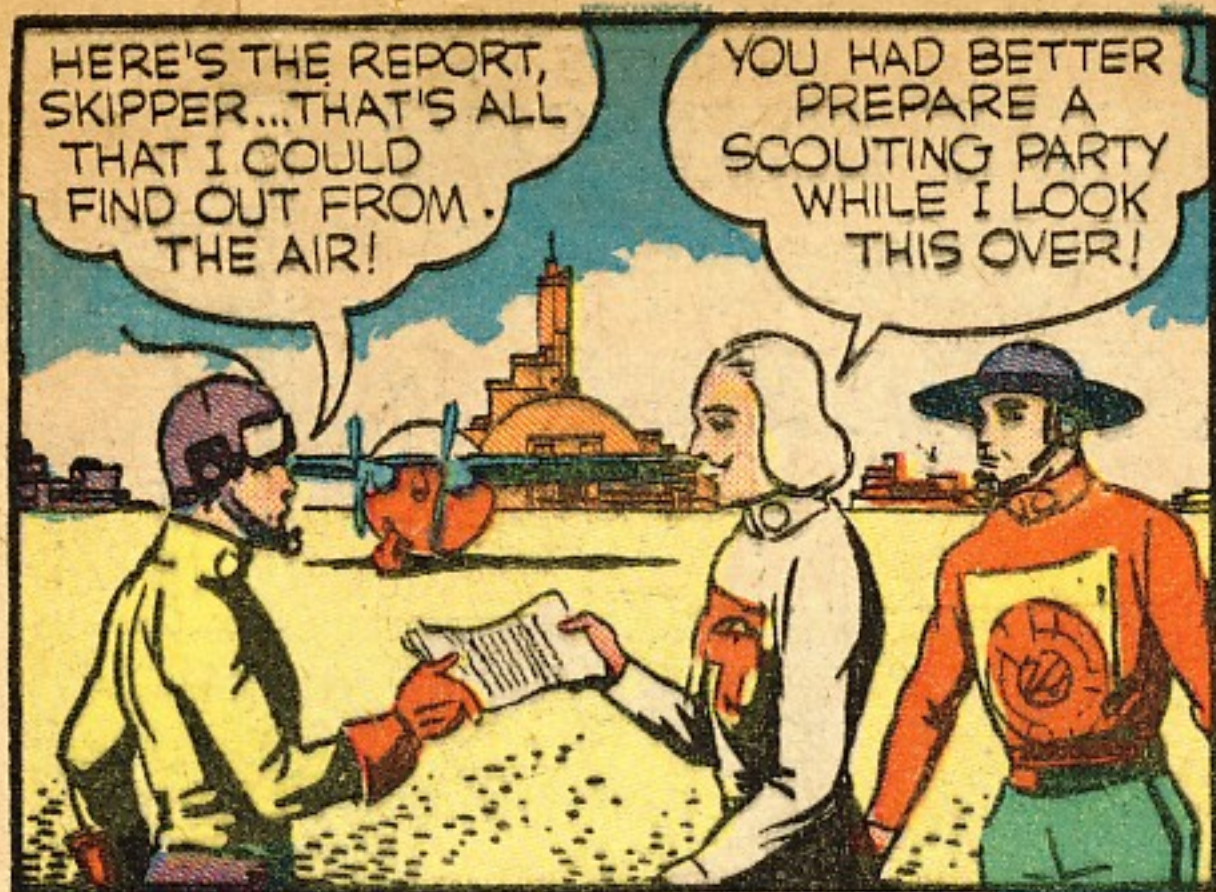
LET ME SEE...
I WONDER WHAT THAT
COULD BE? WHERE
IS HE?



MAKE AS THOROUGH
AN INSPECTION AS YOU
CAN, AND COME IN
TO REPORT!

IN M-4'S COSMOTOPLANE.





WE'LL SPLIT INTO TWO PARTIES-
M-4 AND I WILL SEE IF WE CAN GET
INTO THE PASSAGE THEY ARE
DIGGING...THE REST OF YOU WILL
SCOUT AROUND THE SURFACE!



WE'LL WAIT UNTIL IT IS
PITCH DARK-THEN GO
INTO THE HOLE!



LOOK...CAPTAIN! THERE
IS A TUNNEL... SHALL
WE GO INTO IT?



SURE THING!
THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE HERE
FOR!

LISTEN... DO
YOU HEAR
ANYTHING?

YES... I HEAR
MEN'S VOICES-
THEY'RE LAUGHING
AND JOKING!



IT'S GETTING WARMER-
BUT THE AIR IS
BETTER!



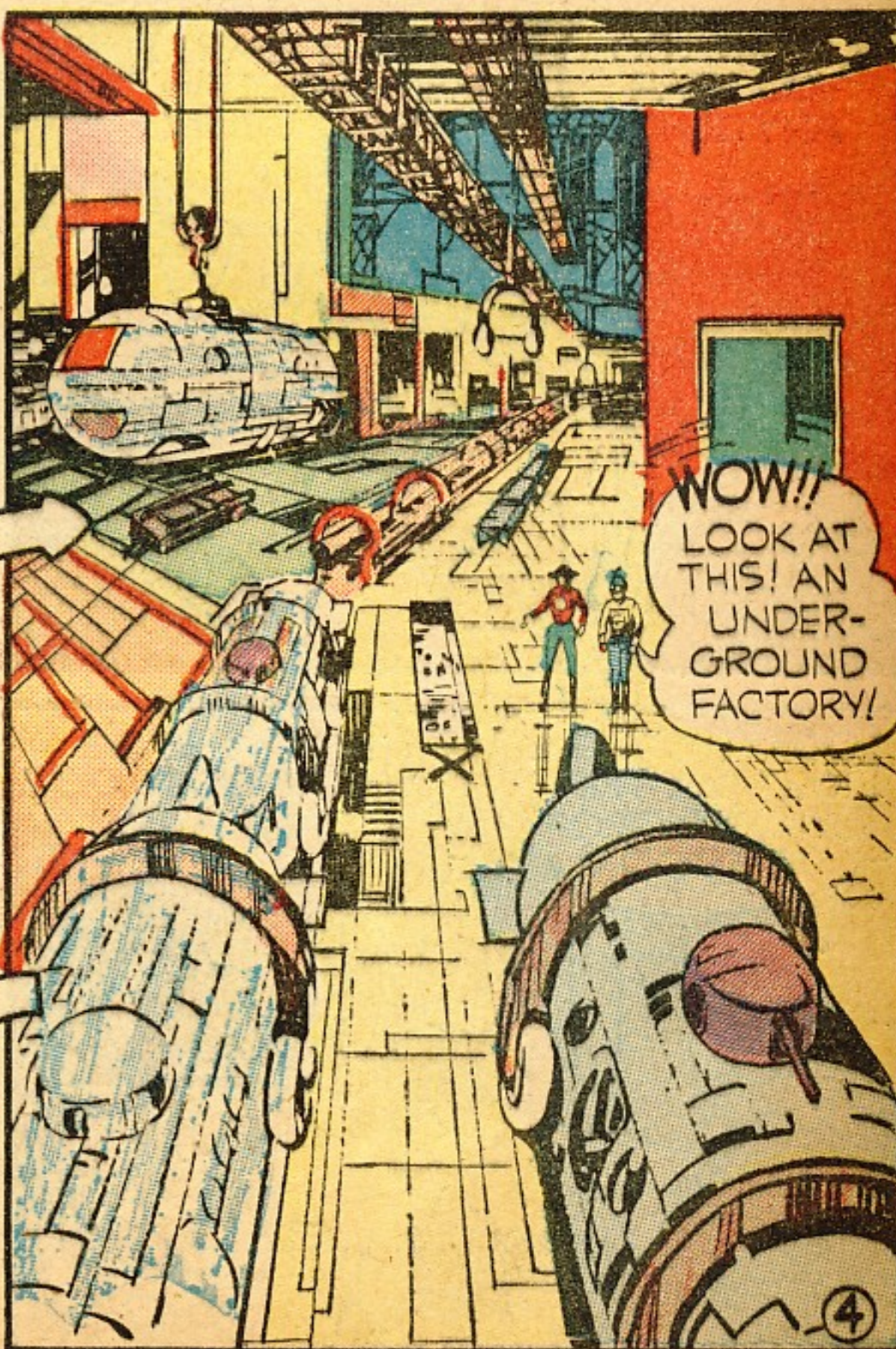
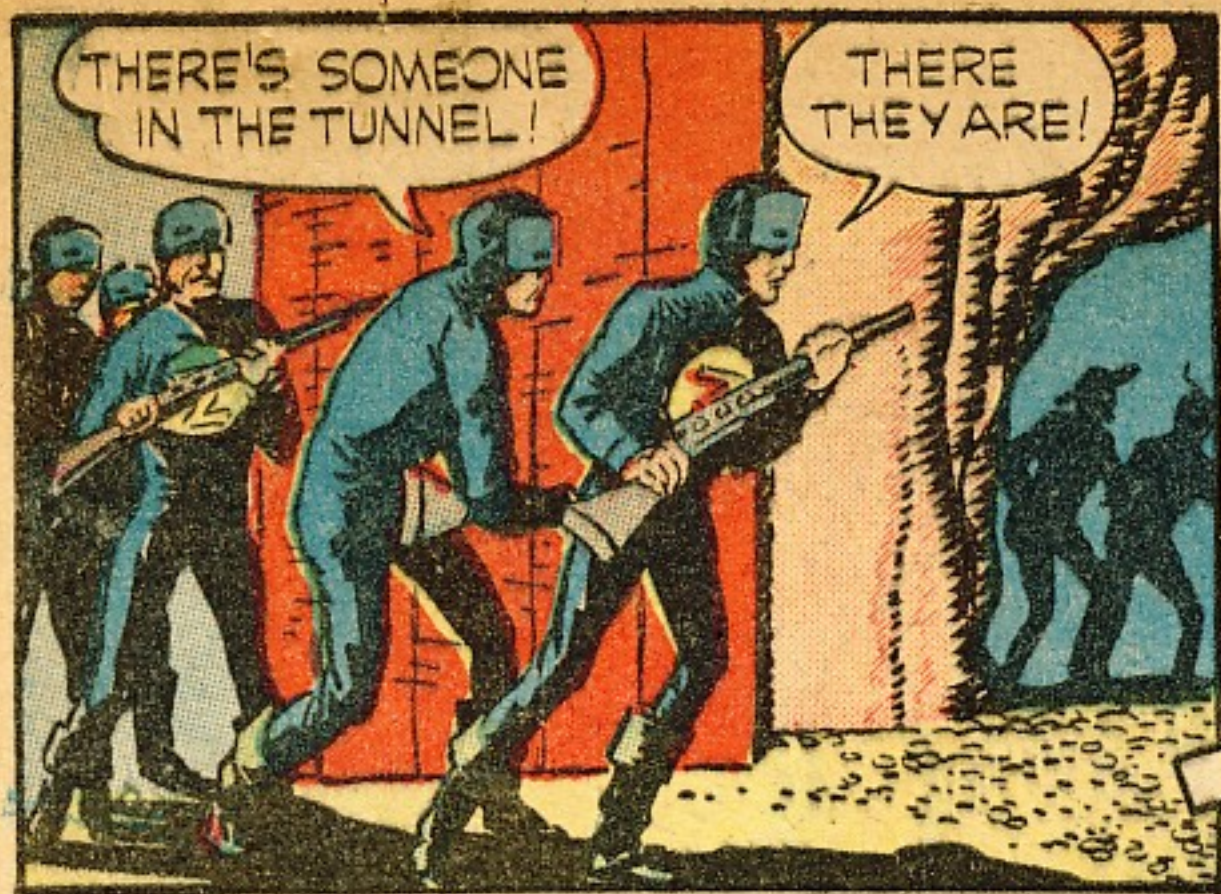
LOOK! THERE'S A
LIGHT ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE DOOR!

THAT MUST BE
WHERE THOSE VOICES
CAME FROM!

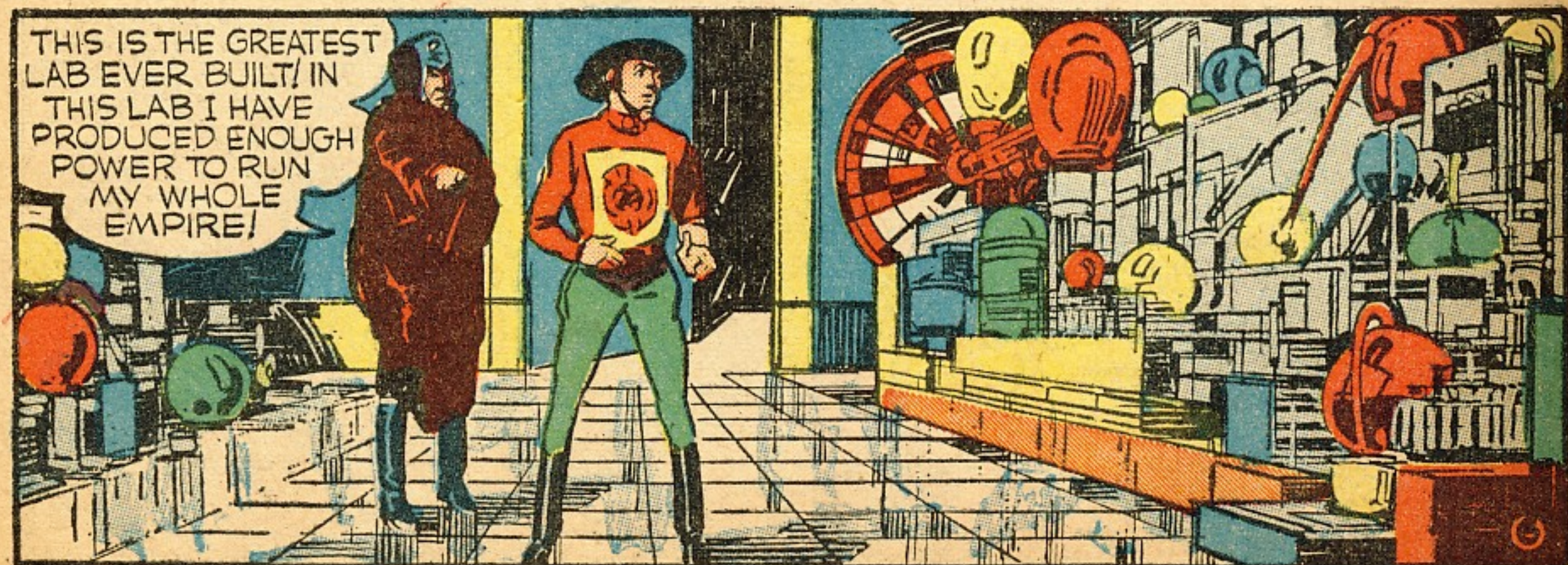


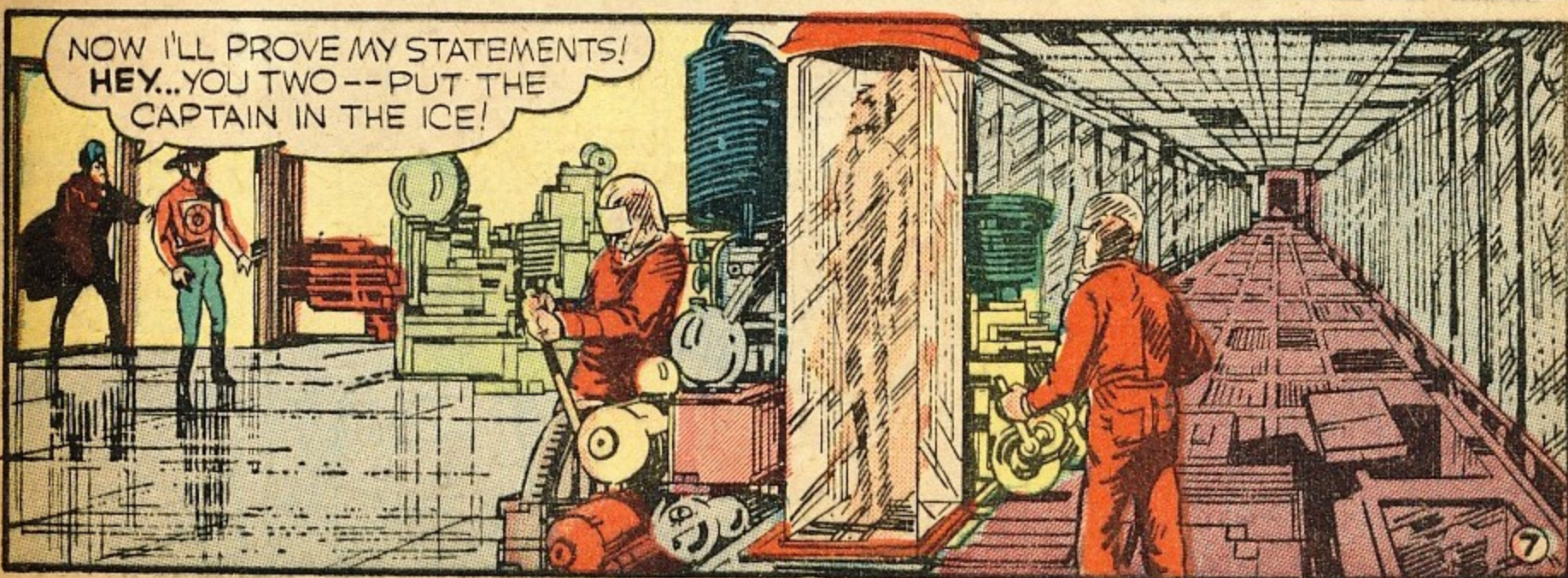
WATCH OUT!
HERE COMES
SOMEONE!

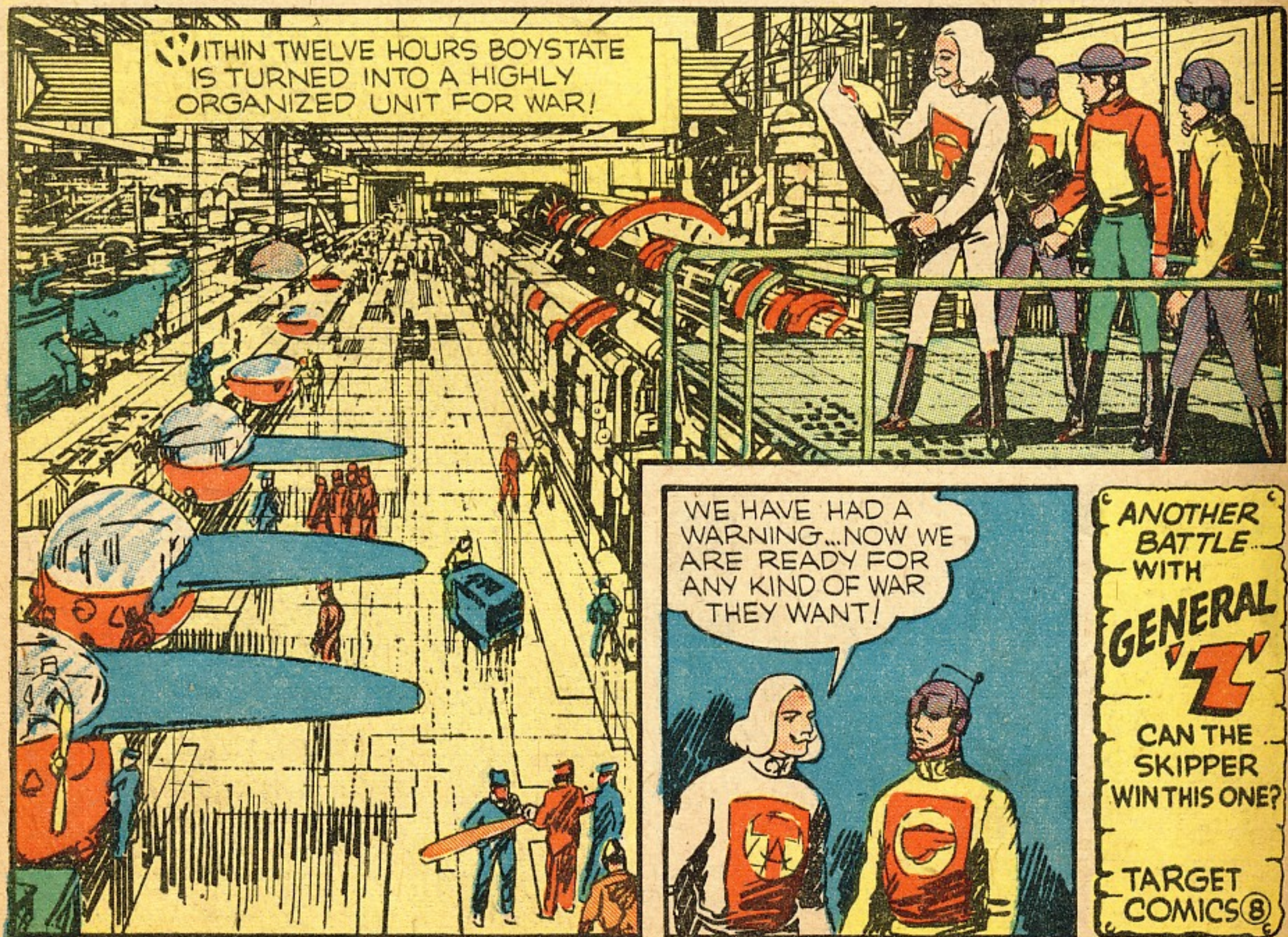
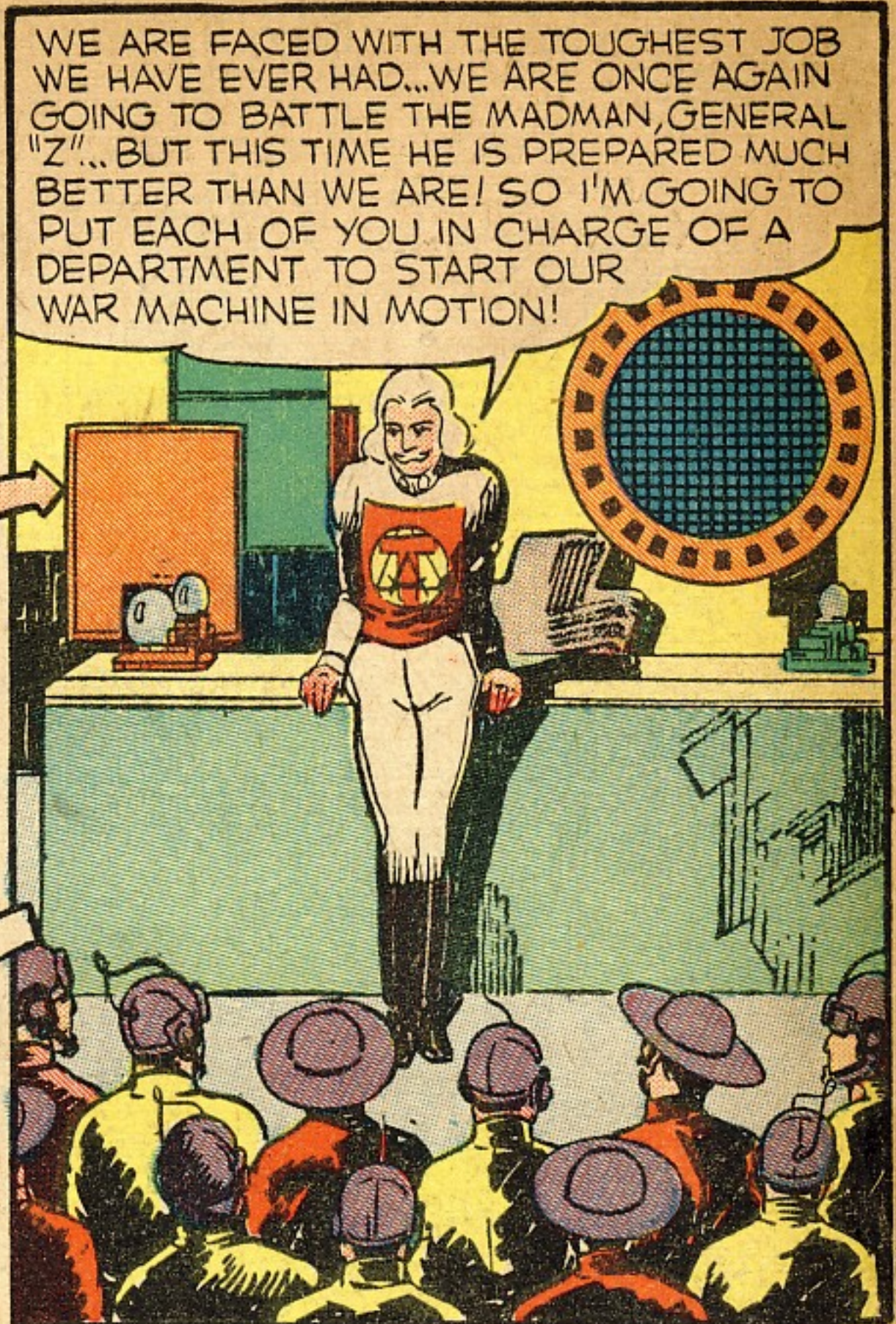




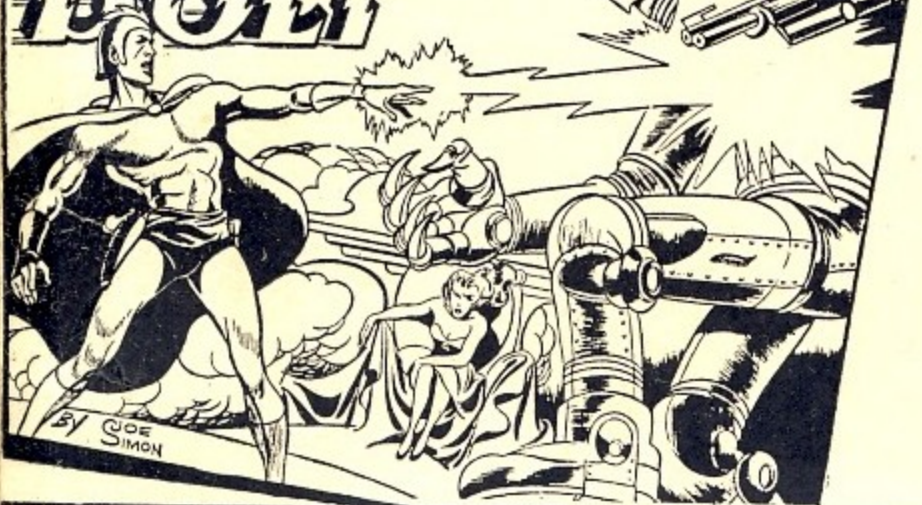








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KNIFE**

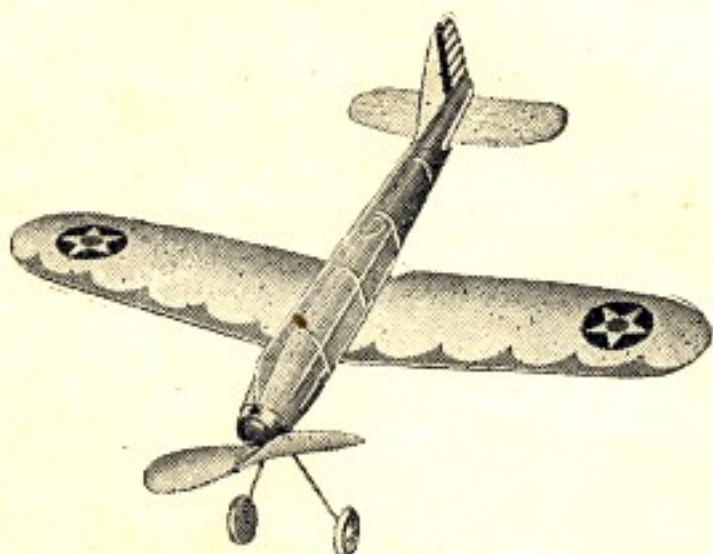


75c

Drop-forged 5" steel blade; shinbone stag handle. Guard protects hand while using knife. Leather sheath included.

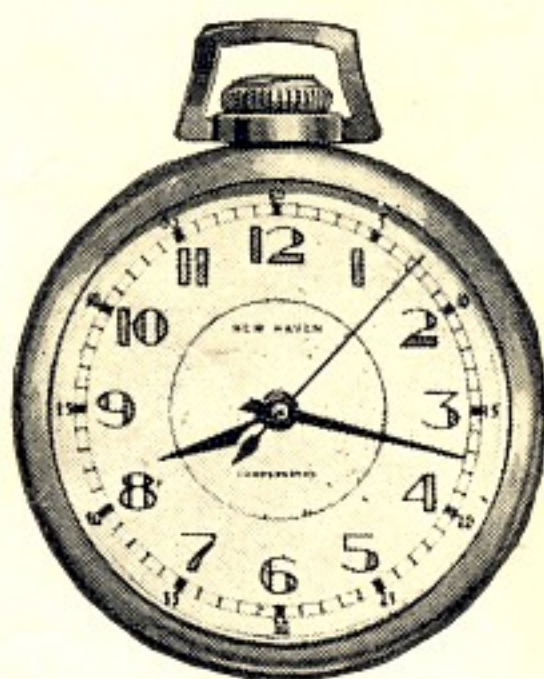
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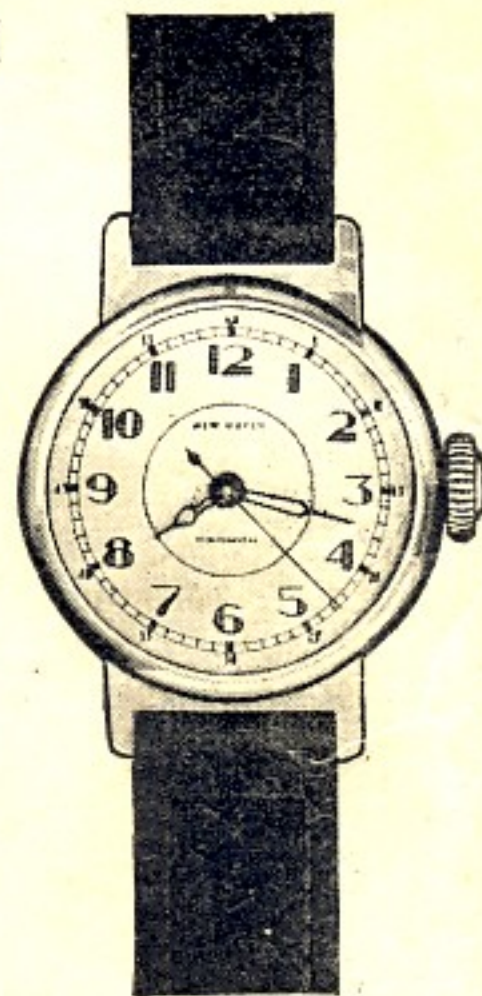


NEW HAVEN
SWEEP SECOND WATCHES
SURE HIT!!!

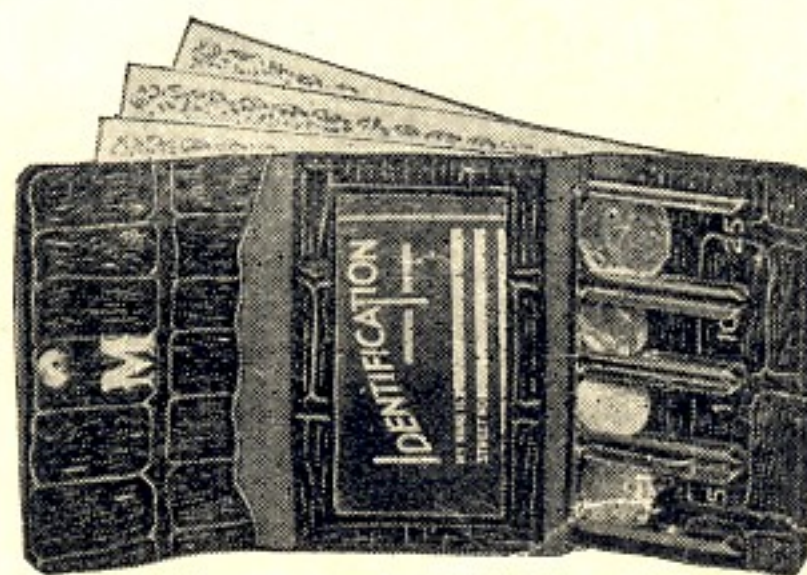
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